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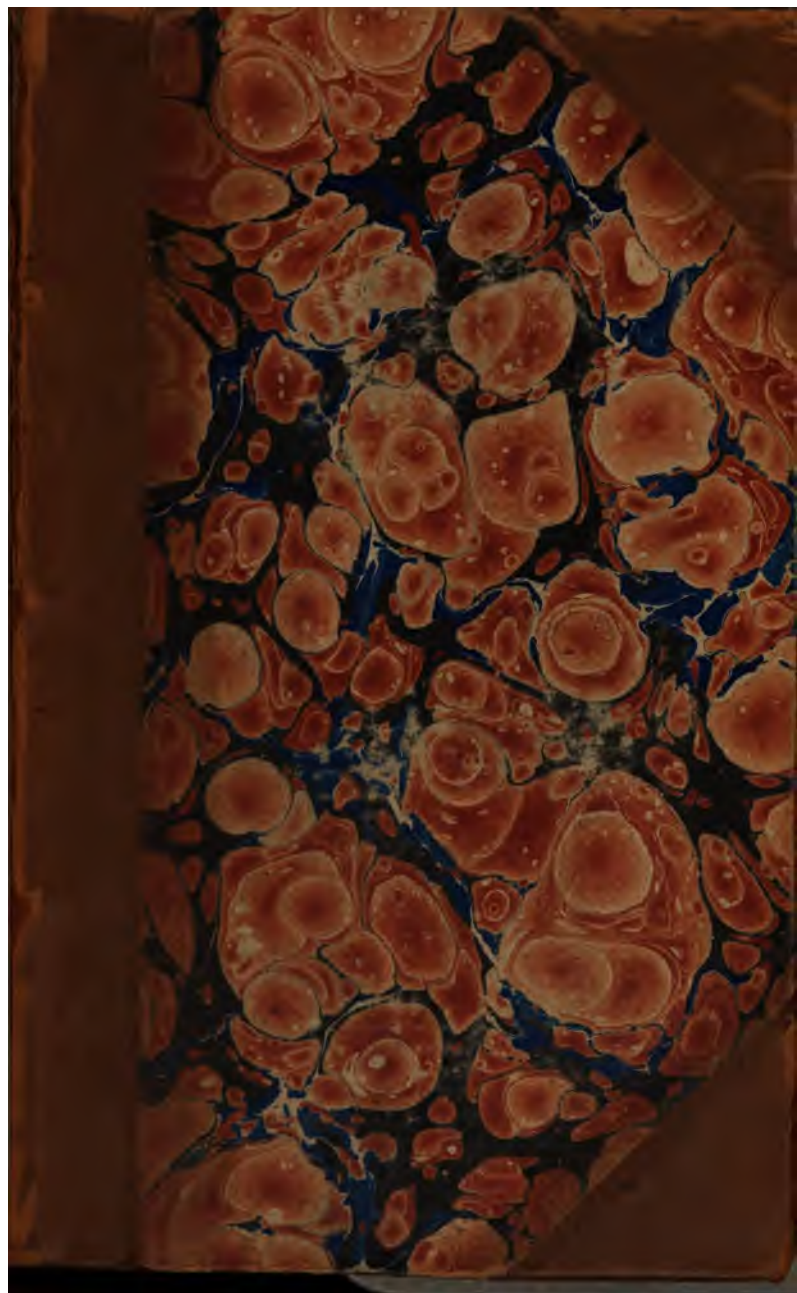
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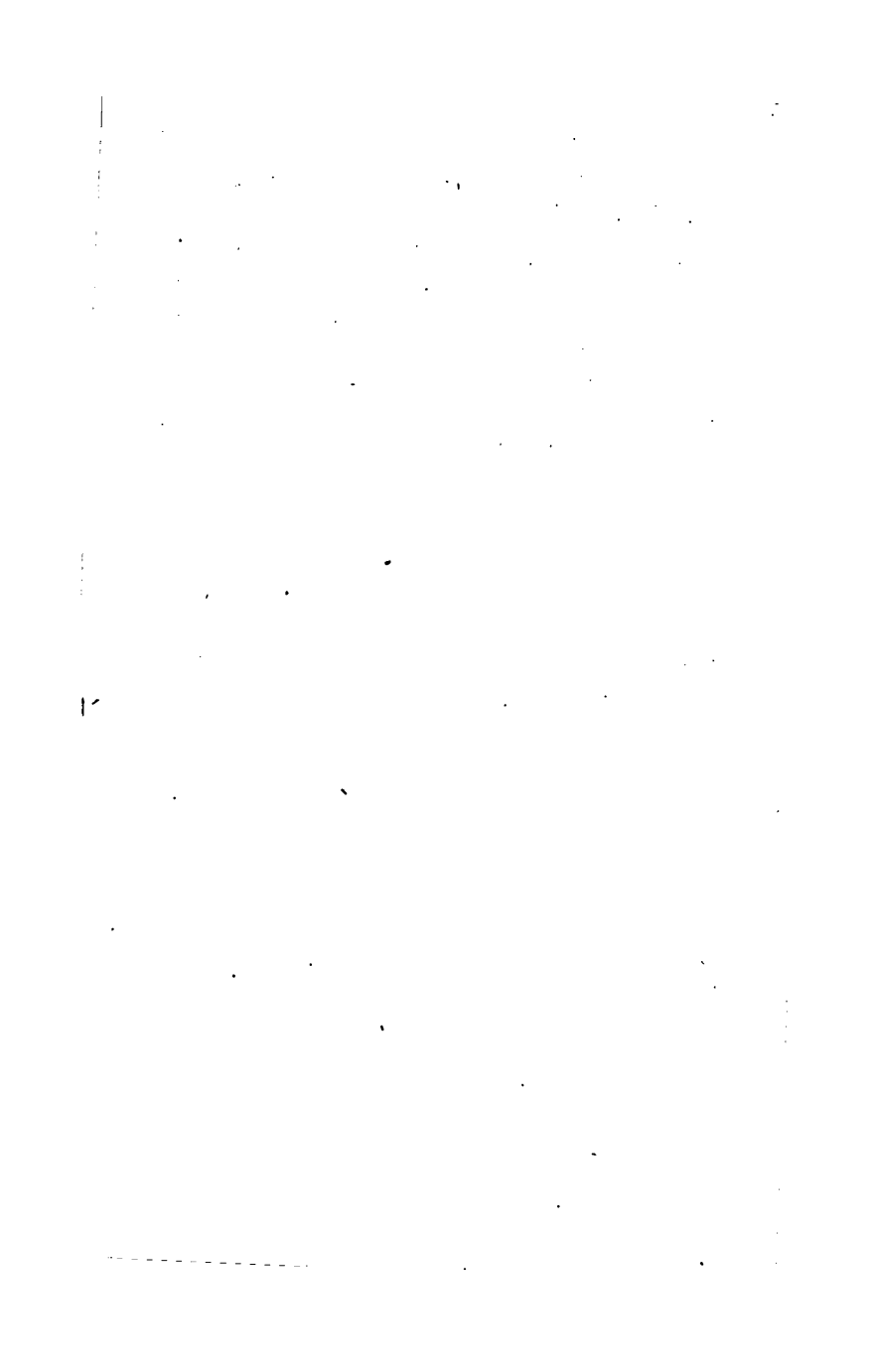
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*S.H. 1830*

**IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI:**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**

**BY**

**SOPHIA MARY BIGSBY.**

**LONDON:**

**HURST, CHANCE, AND CO.**

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**1830.**

**21.**



BRADBURY AND CO., PRINTERS, WARWICK LANE.

## PREFACE.

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AMONG the many tragical and romantic events to which the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins have, at various periods, given rise, few have been more affecting, or, probably, more important in their consequences, than the one on which the following little poem is founded. The incident is recorded in "Sismondi's *Histoire des Republiques Italienne*;" also in Mr. Percival's recent work upon Italy, from which the following outline of the story is extracted.

"The noble families of the Gieremei, and Lambertazzi of Bologna (the chiefs of the Guelph and



Ghibelin factions of their city had long been opposed in deadly animosity, when Bonifazio Gieremei, and Imilda, the daughter of Orlando de' Lambertazzi, forgot the enmity of their houses in the indulgence of a mutual and ardent passion. In one of their secret interviews, the lovers were betrayed to the brothers of Imilda; she fled at their approach, but they rushed upon Bonifazio, immediately despatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl upon returning, discovered his cruel fate by the stains of blood, and traced the corpse to the spot where it had been thrown. It was yet warm, and, with mingled agony and hope, she endeavoured to suck the venom from its wounds. But she only imbibed the poison into her own veins, and the ill-fated pair were found stretched lifeless together."

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**IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.**

**PART I.**

**B**



\* \* \* \* \*

**SHE** hath left the bright and crowded hall  
Glittering in midnight festival,—  
She hath gone from the rich and sparkling board  
Where the flowers are wreath'd and the wine is pour'd,  
Where the song rings out, and mirth flashes high,  
And joyous smiles deck each lip and eye,—  
For all unheeded went laughter's tone,  
Wakening no echo in her own ;  
It was in vain she tried to smile,  
For the tear would rush to her eye the while :  
She listen'd not to the Syren's lay  
As it melted in thrilling tones away,—



Joyless, undazzled, the splendors nigh  
Might win no gaze from her wandering eye,  
And the sigh oft struggling in her breast,  
Betray'd, too plainly, its strange unrest :  
Unto her the scene no joy might bring ;  
Her's was no mood for revelling ;  
For in throngs like these, oh, who might guess  
*Her* feeling of utter loneliness !

Her step is now where each fragrant flower  
Breathes forth its sweets in that dew-lit hour ;  
Yet paused she not to inhale the sigh  
Of each breeze that floated in perfume by ;—  
She linger'd not where the fountain's play  
Flung round its cool and sparkling spray ;  
Nor gazed she upon the deep blue sky  
Flooded with moon-light radiancy ;—  
Far other thoughts than these have woo'd  
Her steps through this fairy solitude :

'Twas not for the softly-enchancing hour  
That she glided on to her orange bower,—  
Or why should each trembling pulse beat high,  
And her bosom throb so tumultuously,—  
Why should her burning cheek betray  
The crimsoning hue of passion's ray,  
If 'twas but to number the moon-beams thrown  
On the blossoms, that led her to wander alone?

Alone!—ah, it was no longer so!—  
She hath reach'd the leaf-woven portico,—  
She hath cross'd its threshold,—and gracefully there  
Leant the form of her dark-eyed Cavalier,  
Her own loved Fazio :—What now unto her  
Were the tasteless pleasures this world might confer?  
Dwelt not *her world* in the eagle eye  
Now fix'd upon her's so tenderly?—  
Dwelt not *her world* in the circling fold  
Of her arm, as in fondness, uncontroll'd,

His worshipp'd form to her heart she prest,  
And sank, all trembling, on his breast,  
Hiding her cheeks' vermilion dye  
Where her image was shrined so faithfully?—

Silent was each in that blissful hour.  
Oh ! never may words possess the power  
The heart's deep feelings to express  
When it thrills with excess of happiness !  
— But tenderly raising her bow'd down head,  
He gazed on each feature in beauty spread :  
The moon's pale light on her forehead shone,  
Whitening the snow it reposed upon,  
While the dewy light of her full blue eye  
Flash'd out through its dark lash tremulously ;  
And the eloquent blood in her bright cheek glow'd,  
Thrilling each vein through whence it flow'd,  
As she shrank from the fondly rivetted gaze  
Of her lover's eyes, where deep passion's rays

With lustre too bright, too dazzling, shone,  
For her timid glance to dwell upon !  
At length he spoke—though subdued and low  
In murmurs broke forth his full spirit's flow —  
But that voice !—to her, no music could be  
Fraught with such tender harmony,  
As upon her ear those soft accents fell,  
Whose slightest tone had a power and spell,  
Treasured in her young soul to be  
Its sweetest and dearest memory !—  
While fondly kneeling at her side,—  
“ Imilda ! my only love ! ” he cried,  
“ Would that the blessed power were mine  
To prove how truly, how fondly thine,  
Is each wild throb of this burning heart,—  
How loved—worshipp'd—idolized thou art !  
But it is in vain—all words are weak,  
Devotion, intense as mine, to speak.  
I am prouder while prostrate at thy feet,  
Than if throned in the pomp of a monarch's seat,—

I would not exchange one dear smile of thine  
For the glittering wealth of a diamond-mine ;—  
My sweet Imilda ! my lovely bride,—  
Nay, turn not those treasured eyes aside,—  
Thou *art* my bride ! yes—thy Fazio  
Dares on this spot to call thee so !  
Our Fathers ! nay, why need'st thou tremble thus—  
What is their enmity to us ?—  
And for *thy* Sire—oh I have pray'd  
Kind Heaven to grant its pitying aid,  
To teach me to cool each boiling vein,—  
Root from my breast its proud disdain  
Of a name, I will henceforth strive to bless—  
And for *thy* dear sake to hate him less.

\* \* \* \* \*

But haste ye, Imilda ! the moon wanes fast,  
Already the hour of revelry's past.  
I can hear the heavy though distant fall  
Of parting footsteps from yon bright hall ;

Ev'n now strange voices faintly ring,  
 And danger lurks in thy loitering !—  
 Nay, weep not ! I cannot bear to see  
 Tears in those eyes, ~~though~~ they fall for me.  
 Thou knowest my life's best blood would flow  
 Gladly, ere o'er that radiant brow,  
 One cloud should betray a thought of care,  
 And sully the glowing brightness there !  
 —I must tear myself from those love-beaming eyes  
 Though worse than death is the sacrifice,  
 Though the only blessing of my heart,  
 I see, with thy loved presence, depart,—  
 Yet must I leave thee !—and dull despair  
 Thy sweet empire o'er my soul will share.  
 Oh ! in my spirit's lone bitterness  
 I could almost wish to dote on thee less !  
 No pangs like these, would each feeling wring,  
 To break from this blissful loitering.—  
 But each trembling star hath left its sphere,  
 And, sweetest ! we *must not* linger here !”

—And they *did* part ! but who may tell  
The anguished tone of their sad farewell ?  
What power hath language to express  
The deep, the unutterable tenderness  
Of the look, wherein their fond eyes met,  
In one long gaze at parting set,—  
As though the power with the will had fled,  
And both to that spot were rivetted ?  
But it might not be—and his arm releas'd  
The prize which clung to his throbbing breast;  
“ And must this tendril-like clasp be untied  
By my trembling hands ? ”—he wildly cried,—  
“ When sooner than loose this blessed tie,  
It were far, far less pain to die ! ”

But, Fazio, what was thine to feel,  
When distance no longer might reveal  
The receding form of *her*, thine eye  
Watch'd with such deep anxiety ?

When every trace from thy sight had gone,  
Of all that it loved to dwell upon ;  
And echo no longer would repeat  
The silvery fall of her light feet ?  
Oh ! none but those who have felt, can guess  
That chilling sense of desolateness,  
Which came o'er thy heart, like the blight in Spring,  
In secret, but deadly withering.

But now thine Imilda hath safely gain'd  
The hall where no lingering step remain'd :—  
Deserted, and chill, and gloomy now  
Was the scene which had glitter'd in festive show.  
Hush'd was each bright and quivering string,  
Which had thrill'd in joyous answering  
To the swelling notes, which had peal'd along  
Through each gilded arch of that hall of song.  
But deep silence now had 'wrapp'd each wall,  
Unbroken, but by the hurried fall



Of her light step, as she glided by,  
O'er the sad remains of festivity.  
Many a wreath of sunny flowers  
Which had deck'd fair brows thro' those festal hours,  
With perfume wasted, and beauty gone,  
Now withering, all around were strewn :  
The light from the color'd lamps fell dim  
On each glistening wine-cup's silver brim ;  
While the marble floor's bright purity,  
Had many a vein of crimson dye,  
As though the gushing wine had been pour'd  
In ruby streams from that costly board :  
And no perfume now on the air was flung  
From the spot where the incense-vases hung :  
On each gorgeous picture deep shadow lay,—  
Save when some taper's sudden ray  
Flashing, in its last effort of light,  
Gave all their brilliant hues to sight ;—  
And one moment Imilda paused, as her eye  
Caught, through the dim obscurity,

The glare of features whose pictured trace  
Claim'd kindred with her own proud race;—  
One, who through toil and war had been  
The boast of each haughty Ghibelin;  
Whose heart and arm had boldly striven  
In the cause unto which his faith was given;  
(—A cause with unholy fervor borne,  
And a faith, in pride and blindness sworn,  
Bequeath'd from sire to son, to be  
A lasting covenant of enmity—)  
And her heart-pulse quicken'd, as tho' with fear,  
As she gazed on his startling image there:  
For, fearfully strange, the half-light now  
Gleam'd on the pale and haughty brow,  
While the deep-bronzed cheek might well betray  
The toils which had worn its bloom away,  
Where traces of passion and strife were blent  
With the iron furrows which Time had sent.  
A withering smile round each lip was thrown,  
And, strangely, in the dark eyes shone

A light, whose livid ghastliness  
Seem'd, with deep sternness, to express  
To her terror'd gaze, that on her alone  
That look of scorn and dread was thrown ;  
To speak the reproach which would ever lie  
On her heart, for its fond apostacy !

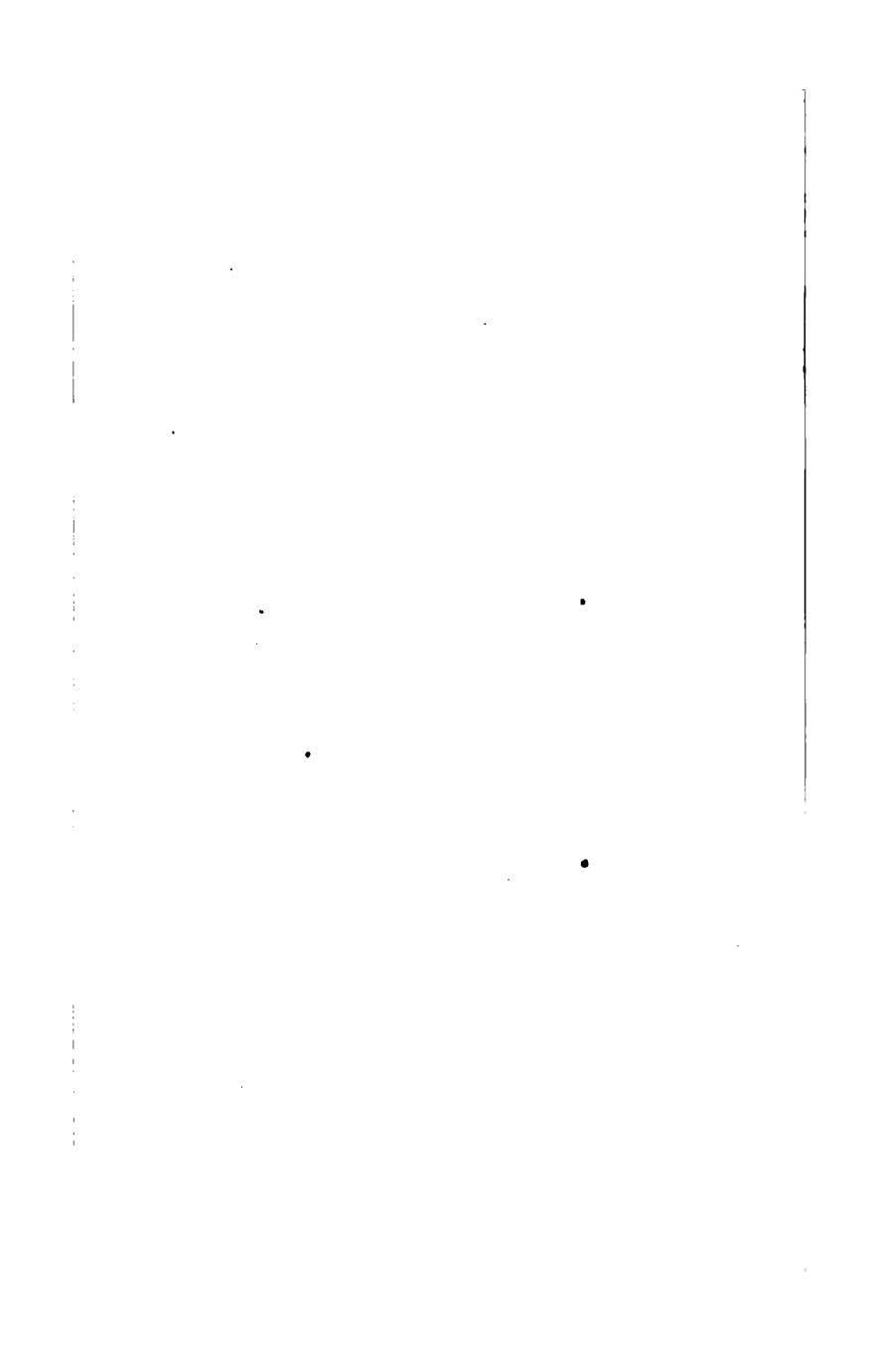
And turn'd she in sadden'd mood away  
As she mark'd that vision of fear decay ;  
And darkness and indistinctness blent  
All around in their own mirk element.  
With step far lighter than her heart,  
And trembling, she sought a distant part  
Of that Palazzo, where all conceal'd  
From eyes which in slumber now were seal'd,  
She reach'd unheeded an open porch,  
Lit from within by a silver torch,  
Which gleam'd in radiant loneliness,  
Near the glittering altar's pure recess

In her bright oratory—where now  
She knelt, to seal in Heaven the vow,  
Which, with impassion'd earnestness,  
Had burst from her lips in the fond excess  
Of that love, which now in her soul must share  
Henceforth, its own high influence there :  
—And her bosom throb'd with a swelling sigh,  
As she call'd for a blessing from on high,  
For ever on *one* loved head to dwell,  
Shedding peace around by its own sweet spell—  
And her cheek was lit with a sudden flame,  
As all softly she murmur'd his treasured name ;  
And tenderly flash'd her eye, as she rose  
From that holy shrine, where a pale white rose,  
Companion of many an hour of prayer,  
Was laid in withering fragrance there.  
Kissing the leaves, in their faded pride—  
“ Thou treasured gift of love ! ” she cried,  
“ 'Neath my pillow, this night, must be  
Thy home of sweet security :

Wilt thou not bring me those visions bright,  
Thrilling the soul in its dreams of night;  
Visions of dazzling beauty and love,  
Caught from their radiant home above?  
In the perfum'd breath of Love's hallow'd flower,  
Who, sweet Sleep! would not woo thy power?  
For is it not thine to bring us here  
A few bright rays from a purer sphere,—  
Glimpses of heaven-fraught bliss,—which in vain  
The soul would strive on this earth to regain?—  
Oh! who can number the blessings that spring,  
Sweet Spirit of Dreams, from thy downy wing?  
Under thy folded pinions lie  
Joys that end but in reality!"

**IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.**

**PART II.**



NOT welcomely oft do the morn-beams dance  
On the eye-lids they wake from some blissful trance,—  
Chasing light slumber's feathery reign,  
And calling us back to life again,—  
When far less sweet than forgetfulness  
Are the rankling thoughts, which ever press  
More heavily on the heart and brow,  
For the transient check to their troubled flow.

And brightly the dazzling sun-rays now  
Gleam on Imilda's ivory brow,  
Lighting with many a crimson streak  
The faint bloom of her downy cheek,



And adding fresh lustre to her eye  
Just ope'd by their glowing intensity.  
—And now no longer her fair form prest  
The light couch of her dreaming rest ;  
Though her step is slow, and her timid mien  
Betrays the fear which lurks within ;  
For she must seek her parent's eye,  
And meet its piercing scrutiny :  
And well her heart hath cause to dread,  
Lest thoughts and feelings should be read,  
Which, in its inmost core, must be  
Hid all in deep security.

With lengthen'd and impatient strides,  
Like one whom haste or passion guides,  
Orlando paced the spacious hall,  
Where it had been habitual  
For his fair daughter to meet his kiss,  
And sue for a blessing e'en stern as his.  
But far later than wont she lingers now,  
And anger is spread o'er his darkening brow ;

And though o'er his features there seldom stray'd  
A smile to brighten their low'ring shade,  
Yet it seemed as if less of age than care  
Had plough'd the many furrows there.  
And now in his kindling glance of fire,  
Ye might trace his spirit's fretful ire,  
As with angry voice he pronounced her name,  
And Imilda e'en swift as its echo came,  
Though she trembled to see his sullen air :  
" What dark hue can his thought now wear ?"—  
She murmured inwardly—as in her heart  
A thousand shadowy fears would start ;  
Each thought but turning quick on *one*,  
And *his* deadliest foe she look'd upon !  
If *his*, then *hers*,—'twas a sinful thought,  
To her with maddening horror fraught,  
That her Father—her only Parent, he  
Could be his child's worst enemy !  
And chasing it from her mind away,—  
" My Father," she ventured at length to say,

“ Less kindly thine eyes are turn'd on me,  
And I fear my tarrying hath anger'd thee,—  
But wilt thou not pardon me ? ” — “ Yes, my child !  
But thy cheek is pale and thy mien is wild ;  
There are traces of tears in either eye,  
And no wrongs of thine shall past lightly by !  
Speak, child !—this arm will boldly stake  
Its strength e'en now, for thy injured sake ! ”

“ Injured ! oh no—my Father—no ! ”  
Tho' she turn'd from his side to hide the flow  
Of tears which would not be suppress,  
But fell, fast trickling, o'er her breast :  
For a wild thought of torturing pain  
Swept, then, like lightning thro' her brain :  
—The father who stood beside her there,  
With anxious cheek and troubled air,  
Could he feel for her this fond concern,  
If her soul's deep love he once should learn ?

Could he ever pity—and strive to bless  
Or soothe in her utter helplessness,—  
If he knew, throughout the whole world, that none  
Could wrong him so deeply as she had done !  
Oh no ! he would curse in accents wild  
The hour she first became his child—  
Nay, her very name to him would be  
A tone of reproach and infamy !

But his voice now banish'd the bitter thought,  
While a changing hue o'er her features wrought,—  
And gazing on her, as so fix'd she stood,—  
“ Imilda ! I like not thine alter'd mood :  
I like not to lack, when, as now, we meet,  
The ready smiles which my presence would greet :  
I like not to read in thy downcast eye  
The gathering shade of despondency :  
I like not to see thine averted gaze  
Which too much of secret care betrays :—  
Come, cheer thee ! for know'st thou not ere Eve  
Her banner of silvery pomp shall weave ;

Ere the last lingering gleam of day  
O'er her towers shall fall ;—in bright array  
Bologna's rank—the gay, the bold—  
A joyous festival will hold ;  
And to that banquet shalt thou repair,  
And thy step must be lightest and earliest there.  
So cheer thee ! and let no smiles outshine  
The bewitching radiance which beams from thine ;  
And let no pearls be more pure and fair  
Than those which must grace thy clustering hair ;  
Recall to thy cheek its wonted bloom,  
And chase from thy brow this shade of gloom :  
And thy brothers will lead with pride, I ween,  
So fair a flower to the festive scene,  
For 'mid each bright and lovely guest  
Wilt thou be the brightest and loveliest !”

And waiting not for her reply,  
He mutter'd a farewell hastily,  
And passed from her sight :—oh ! ne'er had her heart  
Felt so much of joy to view him depart :

A weight seem'd removed from her sinking breast,  
Tho' she felt not the calm of a mind at rest.  
Oh ! not for her was the peace which clings  
To those, o'er whose pure imaginings  
Hath never a thought for one moment stray'd,  
Which the bosom might scruple to find display'd ;—  
Oh ! not for her is the blushless cheek,  
The brow's repose, which no chance may break :—  
But an inward sense is her's of shame,  
A fear of deserved reproach and blame ;  
A consciousness of guilt, which flings  
O'er every thought its arrowy stings.  
—Yet it is sad to think that one  
So young, so lovely, should have known  
E'en for an hour, such thorns as these  
To rob life's path of joy and ease :  
But where may we find a destiny  
On earth, from earthly sorrows free ?  
Without the vexing ills which blight  
So soon, life's morning hour of light ?

Alas ! a cloud will ever gloom,—  
A shadow o'er the sunshine come ;  
All, all, the bitter taste must bear  
To watch Hope's blossoms disappear,  
And Fancy's visions fade beneath  
The chill of Disappointments' breath.  
For all there is a care—for all  
A dark spot o'er life's coronal ;  
O'er which, though transient joys may gleam,  
Yet, like the moonbeams on the stream,  
They vanish with the faintest cloud  
Which may their gladdening radiance shroud,  
Leaving the spot they brighten'd o'er  
Still darker than it was before !

And turn we now again to her  
Whom love alone had taught to err ;  
And where was yet that woman's breast  
Which cherish'd not so sweet a guest ?  
Albeit that duty, pride, or fear,  
Should make his sojourn guilty there !

And bold and strong is woman's heart  
Where love's wild energy hath part,—  
There is no feeling in her fate  
Like it so very passionate !  
—And for Imilda—oh ! had not she  
Loved with her sex's constancy—  
With all the devotion—all the truth,  
And tenderness, and pride of youth ?  
Ay, loved, though every bar that Fate  
Could in her sternest mood create,—  
Though death, or worse than death, would be  
The meed of its discovery,—  
Though the being she fondly loved was one  
Whom her earliest childhood was taught to shun,  
And spurn, and hate, with the wild excess  
Of hereditary bitterness ?  
But they met at length, by some wayward chance,  
And each fate was seal'd in their first long glance !  
The magic power of some secret spell  
From that moment on each young spirit fell.



—But alas ! it boots not now to trace  
How love could find a resting-place  
Within their hearts, where hate and pride  
Should long his entrance have denied :—  
Enough, that there his seal was set  
From the bright hour when first they met !

—Meanwhile the long and sultry noon  
Slowly and listlessly pass'd on,  
To her who in her bower still sate  
Musing but on her own strange fate.  
Sweet buds were clustering round her there,  
Flinging rich incense on the air :  
The ear might catch the silvery splash  
Of the fountain, which gleam'd with many a flash,  
As the sun's bright rays upon it fell,  
As upon a mirror they loved so well ;  
And each beauty her native clime displays  
Was spread before her joyless gaze.  
And where, oh ! where, might her young eye rest  
On a scene more beautiful, more blest ?

The heaven of bright and sunny blue  
Which not a cloud or shadow knew ;  
The strains which in its depths were heard,  
Pour'd by the free and joyous bird ;  
The sounds of mirth, the peals of song,  
Borne by the fickle breeze along ;—  
Not all the sweets of sight and sound,  
Which, like enchantment, breathed around ;  
Not all the bloom of earth and sky,  
Might woo her from her sad reverie,  
Not all, alas ! could then confer  
One feeling of glad repose on her,  
On her, the very loveliest flower,  
Which bloom'd within that lonely bower !

And close beside her lay her lute :  
—Should its light strings be idly mute ?  
Her eye glanced on it—and her hand  
Strove to assume its sweet command,

Though in each tone a sadness dwelt,—  
Yet less than her young spirit felt,—  
As wandering 'mid the silvery chords,  
Her soul at length broke forth in words :—

### SONG.

“ My lute ! oh ! tis to thee alone  
    My heart may freely swell,  
As sweep the burning thoughts, my brain  
    So vainly strives to quell;  
And to thine own sweet melody  
Alone, must my soul's commune be !

“ I may not say what I have borne,  
    What I have still to bear ;  
Alas ! Fate ever seems for me  
    Her darkest frowns to wear ;

And deems the very love a sin,  
My heart would proudly triumph in !

“ And is it then a crime to love ?  
    Forbid it, bounteous Heaven !  
Or we have sinned beyond all hope  
    Or power to be forgiven !  
Yet, yet on *him* thy blessings pour,  
And keep for *me* thine anger's store ! ”



**IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.**

**PART III.**



**THE scene must change. From hall and tower  
Peal forth glad sounds—'tis the festive hour !  
And borne on each breeze that floated by,  
Was the gush of song and revelry ;  
Loud and afar it stream'd along,  
In mingled bursts from the festal throng ;  
And the hallow'd peal of the vesper-chime,  
Was unheeded by all in that joyous time.**

**And fair brows wreath'd in sunny light,  
Were there with the wave of their ringlets bright ;**



Young hearts were there, throbbing wild and high,  
And lit from within was each flashing eye,—  
Yes, there the enraptured gaze might trace  
Features all beauty, and forms all grace :—  
And she whose beauty might well suffice,  
For an Houri of Eastern Paradise :  
The lovely Imilda ! she, too, was there,  
Surpassing all in her queen-like air,—  
Though her cheek was pale, and her eye confest  
The trouble which reign'd in her joyless breast ;  
Yet there was around her a nameless spell,  
A softness so irresistible,  
In every look, in every tone,  
As though by some hidden feeling thrown :  
And mark'd by all was the sudden shade,  
Which at times o'er her sweet features stray'd ;  
None guess'd the cause—tho' would all confess  
The influence of her rare loveliness ;  
And many a silent worshipper  
Gazed, though in hopelessness, on her.

She heeded not the bursting sigh,  
Which told their spirits' idolatry,—  
She listen'd not to the honied tone  
Which passion and love have form'd their own;  
But her statue-like coldness threw o'er all  
The weight of its strange and chilling thrall,  
As her thoughts with rebel speed would fly  
Away from the scene which met her eye.

Oh ! no where may Despondence fling  
A deeper weight of suffering,  
Than 'mid a scene, where all around  
No kindred feeling may be found ;  
Where sounds of mirth and joy alone,  
Are blent with laughter's thrilling tone :  
Oh, then the heart's deep woe will press  
With more than tenfold bitterness—  
The garish glare around will seem  
But as a mockery, or a dream,

Distasteful to the eye and heart,  
In which ourselves can bear no part.  
—Thus felt Imilda, as her lone gaze  
Dwelt on the gay and gaudy maze  
Of Pleasure's young votaries—and her soul  
Could brook no longer the forced controul  
Of those feelings, which her outward mien  
Might not betray to the passing scene ;  
And she yearn'd for her home's sweet solitude,  
Where might no idle step intrude,  
Where freed from all restraint and fear,  
Her brow no feign'd repose need wear,  
But where sorrow's self might find relief  
In the indulgence of its grief.

That wish no longer might be supprest,  
She pined, 'mid those courtly things, for rest.  
The moment came, when the guests withdrew  
To a Pavilion near : she threw

O'er her in haste a veil—and fled  
Through the winding shrubberies which led  
To her father's palace—nor paus'd, nor stood,  
Till she reach'd her chamber's solitude.  
Oh, never could captive bird set free,  
More deeply rejoice in its liberty !  
How sweet she felt it then to gaze  
On her lone balcony, which the rays—  
The last rays of the parting sun,  
In mellow'd splendour then shone upon !  
She gazed around—and though long restrain'd,  
Her feelings a sudden mastery gain'd ;  
She turn'd away, for the fast, warm tears,  
Obscured her sight—when, hark ! she hears,  
Yet it could not be !—a low guitar ?  
Surely no footstep thus could dare,  
Ev'n 'neath her very wall to rove—  
She trembled ! her heart beat quick—she strove  
In vain to still its throbs—as near  
The chords stole o'er her wondering ear.

She knew—she felt—that there could be  
But one such voice, such tones—yet *he* !  
Oh ! she had less to hope than fear,  
If *he* had rashly ventured there !  
Yet listen'd she breathlessly, nor stirr'd  
As her ear drank each liquid word :—

## SERENADE.

“ MY own sweet love ! I call on thee,  
At this lone twilight hour,  
When richer incense, 'neath the dew,  
Breathes from each closing flower.  
The breeze hath now a softer sigh,  
And heaven a milder ray,  
And a tone of thrilling melody  
Swells in the wild bird's lay.  
Yet oh ! not ev'n an hour so blest  
Can bring a charm to me,

If its soft beauty be unshared,  
My own sweet love ! by thee.

“ My own sweet love ! I call on thee,  
Yet dare not hope that thou  
Can'st list the numbers which my lute  
In sadness murmurs now;  
Yet, yet, tis ev'n bliss to gaze  
Upon this treasured scene,  
Dearer to me than heaven, for here  
*Thy* presence oft hath been !  
The envious air hath here inhaled  
The perfume of thy sigh,  
And oh ! each lowliest shrub and flower,  
Perchance hath met thine eye.

“ My own sweet love ! I call on thee,  
Now that the summer sun  
Hath sunk behind yon shadowy hills,  
And the weary day is done !

Yes! all is fair, and calm, and pure,  
Around, beneath, above,  
And sweetly smiles Eve's placid star,  
From her home of light and love.  
Oh! tis the hour for those who love  
To breathe their whisper'd vow—  
Then hear me, as I call on thee  
So fondly, wildly—now! "

---

The song from the minstrel's lips then died —  
Was it the fluttering wind that sigh'd  
So gently?— Oh, no! he look'd above—  
She was there! his beautiful lady-love!  
Her loved form was to his sight display'd,  
And well was each danger then repaid!  
One moment more—and with noiseless haste,  
The chamber, the portal, the hall was past,

And she stood by his side ! she breath'd his name,  
While a sudden trembling shot through her frame—  
“ My own Fazio ! oh ! let us linger not,  
One moment more on this dangerous spot,  
Thou know'st not what strange eyes may be  
Fix'd, dearest ! ev'n now, on thou and me : ”  
—And she led him on thro' bower and grove,  
Till they reach'd at length the lone alcove,  
Which long their meeting-place had been—  
Long, long, the deeply-shelter'd scene  
Of their fond love !—“ Now—now at last,”  
She cried, “ since those dreaded paths are past,  
Now we are safe ! and no thought of fear  
Shall mar my full joy to see thee here ! ”

“ Imilda ! oh ! would that my tongue could find  
Utterance to tell thee, how I have pined  
For this blessed moment—how the long day  
Seem'd as though ne'er 'twould wear away—



How I have watch'd each hour go by,  
Nay, each moment—so impatiently !  
No, no ! I have no power to tell  
How dark, how insupportable  
Is my whole life—when thou, its light,  
Art absent from my doting sight !  
And but for the blessed hope—the one  
My fancy so loves to dwell upon,  
The hope of beholding *thee*—the blow  
Were mercy that bade my life-blood flow.  
Yes ! when away from thy smiles, no ray  
Of joy o'er my desert path will play,  
And I would gladly exchange my destiny,  
For the meanest slave's who may breathe near thee ;  
To see thee—to hear thee—to watch thine eye,  
Though passing myself regardless by ;  
'Twere worth whole years of toil and pain,  
A doom so joyful at last to gain !  
And oh ! if a love like mine can be  
Hid all in thy breast's sweet sanctuary,—

If there the seal of strong faith be set,  
There is bliss—deep bliss—for thy Fazio yet !  
Oh ! what danger is there that his soul would shun,  
If a dream so blessed might lead it on !  
Yes—I will boldly dare to tell  
The hopes which e'en now in my bosom swell,—  
There are sunny spots o'er the bright blue sea,  
And thou fear'st not to tempt the wave with me,  
Where nor sorrow, nor hate, nor worldly care  
Shall find for us an entrance there ;  
And where all unknown, our lives may be  
Our dream of purest felicity—  
Speak ! speak, my Imilda ! wilt thou become  
The worshipp'd queen of my heart and home ?  
Wilt thou seek some far-off land of bliss  
Where Fate may smile kinder, than in this?—  
Oh say ! can'st thou ever consent to be  
A wanderer o'er this wide earth, for me ?"—

Breathless, he paused—but yet no word  
Stole from Imilda's lips—he heard  
Only her heart, in its loud, wild beat :  
—Did not his own each throb repeat?—  
Some inward feeling seem'd to thrill  
Through her very soul—as all silent still,  
On his shoulder sunk her drooping head—  
Was it to hide the blush which spread  
O'er her young cheek?—was it in fear  
That her answer should speak too plainly there?—  
He knew not ! he only felt her hold  
Grew yet more firm—and in that fold,—  
Oh ! who may tell the vast excess  
Of his spirit's overflowing happiness !

Long, long in that fond embrace they stood—  
Both yielding to the boundless flood  
Of feelings, whose vivid warmth confest  
Love's empire o'er each glowing breast !  
—But hark ! what sound o'er her startled ear  
Now thrills each nerve with electric fear ?

She listened ! was it the accursed sound  
Of footsteps ev'n near their hallowed ground ?  
It was ! she uttered a breathless cry—  
“ Fly ! fly ! for my sake ! this moment, fly ! ”  
And with a bound, whose speed alone  
The mountain-roe might call her own,—  
The speed of an arrow through the sky,  
Or a bird track'd by the fowler's eye,—  
She flew from the spot ! nor look'd, nor stay'd,  
Till she had gained the sheltering shade  
Of some dark cypresses—then gazed around,  
Listen'd—the air brought back no sound ;—  
Yet once, she thought a struggling cry  
As of deep, mortal agony,  
Came from afar—yet it could not be !—  
'Twas fancy ! or perhaps, from some aged tree  
A sudden creak,—or a low shrill tone  
From some bird of night, in an hour so lone.  
She paused—the moments flew on—and soon  
In splendour uprose the radiant moon,—

The foliage gleam'd in her silvery light,  
Yet still she lingered—the approach of night  
Could bring no terror now to one  
O'er whom its deadliest pangs had gone.  
She linger'd still,—each scattered thought  
Now flock'd o'er her aching brain, and brought  
Visions, whose horror chill'd each sense—  
Yet worse than all was that mute suspense !  
No longer it could be brook'd,—she traced  
Each path-way again with painful haste—  
And she stood on that fatal spot once more !  
'Twas desert and lone—and a hope then o'er  
Her spirit's deep anguish made its way—  
And with more calmness she watched the ray  
Which the pale moon then brightly shed  
O'er many a lowly flow'ret's head ;  
She look'd on them—O fatal chance !  
What, what beside had caught her glance ?  
Blood ! was it blood ?—she fainted not,  
But stood as though rooted to that spot !

The curdling blood in her veins ran chill,  
Her very sight was glazed as still,—  
Ev'n like a statue,—there she stood,  
Gazing on that one drop of blood !

Yet as sense return'd, she look'd around :—  
Many deep stains had dyed that ground  
With crimson hue. One only thought  
Then o'er her maddening senses wrought :  
—She yet might be in time to save,  
Or share where'er might be his grave !  
And guided but by the blood-drops strewn  
Along the paths, she hurried on.  
The fire of madness was on her brain,  
And in her heart its scorching pain,—  
While following still each gory trace,  
She came at length to a desert place,  
A court-yard, long unused, and there—  
God help her now in her wild despair !—

*There lay her murder'd love !—one bound,  
And she was at his side, and wound  
Gently her pale arms round the form  
Stretch'd lifeless there—it yet was warm !  
And with frantic energy she unbound  
The garments from his breast, and found  
A gaping wound, from whose blackening hue  
At the first shuddering glance, she knew  
Was wrought by poison ;—then, then the whole  
Of woman's deep faith rush'd o'er her soul !  
That poison'd wound to her lips she prest  
To suck the venom forth—still blest,  
If by her own life's sacrifice,  
Light yet might gleam o'er his rayless eyes.  
—In vain ! in vain ! there came no breath  
Back to the lips fast closed in death !  
And her's—soon, soon grew parch'd and wan,  
As the poison through every vein quick ran ;  
Faint, and more faint, her breathing grew,  
And her cheek wore a livid hue,*

And the strange light in her glassy eye  
Was struck by cold mortality.  
From her failing limbs the strength soon past,  
And she sunk, 'neath the shadow of Death, at last.

\* \* \* \* \*

—What more remains?—the morning sun  
On that dark scene of death look'd down !  
One only mourner was there—and wild  
Were the wailings he pour'd o'er his martyr'd child !  
Her brothers ! her murderers ! oh ! they had own'd  
Their deed of blood, to him who groan'd  
With all a father's wild affright,  
When through the dark and lonely night  
She came not back—the darling child,  
Who o'er his age's night had smil'd.  
He heard ! the truth flash'd o'er his brain—  
He rush'd to the fatal spot !—but vain,



Vain were all language to express  
His deep, heart-broken wretchedness,  
And from that hour the lingering ray  
Of life wore silently away—  
His grey hairs, ere long years past on,  
In sorrow to the grave bow'd down.

**FUGITIVE PIECES.**

Yet not even these may win thy stay ;  
Swifter than thought is thy speed away !  
Over the mountain's gloomy brow,  
To the blossoming sweets of the plain below ;  
On—sweeping on to the boundless sea,  
Ruffling its breast's tranquillity !

Through heaven's bright path-ways 'tis thine to roam,  
Making its azure depths thy home ;  
Breaking its stillness with murmurs loud,  
And playfully sporting with each light cloud ;  
Then down unto earth's green bowers again ;—  
And thus thou hold'st thine inconstant reign.

And music is thine ! On thy restless wing  
Thou bearest sweet sounds in the joyous spring ;  
Glad voices that ring through the sunny day ;  
Rich tones that thrill in the bird's first lay :—  
While oft as thy trembling breath floats by,  
Thou wakest the harp's wild melody.

Broken by thee is the stillness of night,  
As thou sweepst the earth in power and might,  
Dreamily chaunting thine own wild lay,  
And sporting o'er nature with fearful play,  
Bowing the heads of the forest pride,  
And troubling with anger the foaming tide.

And in thy language, so deep and strange,  
We may trace the tone of thy spirit's change :  
Sometimes in mirth thy mood will be,  
And thy song rings out in its tameless glee ;  
Sometimes in languor thy pinions close,  
And all hush'd is nature in *thy* repose !

Grandeur and might to thy voice belong,  
When thou wakest in midnight anger strong ;  
And hear we not deep sorrow's tone,  
In the dreary wail of thy dying moan ?  
Faithfully hath thy strange voice express'd  
Each feeling and passion of man's own breast !

Restless Traveller ! how tame without thee,—  
How spiritless,—would our green earth be !  
Should we not pant for thy freshening power,  
Cooling the brow through the sultry hour ?  
Dost thou not bear unto us the wealth  
Of the fragrance won by thine am'rous stealth ?

Is it not thine new life to impart  
To the fever'd lip and the drooping heart ?  
Dwells there not health in thy playful breeze,  
Strengthening the soul's best energies ?  
Oh ! thousands of blessings we owe to thee,  
Thou joyous wanderer o'er land and sea.

TO \* \* \*

" No more, no more, oh ! never more on me  
The freshness of the heart may fall like dew."

BRAUN.

---

YES you may bid the smile again  
Relume my care-worn brow,  
And sparkle in the eyes, where tears  
Are wont to linger now.

And you may bid my voice recall  
Its early joyous tone ;  
And sometimes see my features wear  
A look of days now gone.

But 'twill but be a weary task,  
The feigning masquer's art ;  
Whate'er the sunshine spread above  
'Twill reach not mine own heart.

Oh ! who may tell how deeply sear'd  
Is every feeling there ;  
How all its tenderest chords have been  
Wrung, past their power to bear.

Yet still the spirit may burst forth  
In recklessness or pride,  
Despite the links which care hath thrown  
To chain its flowing tide.

Though never may it gush again,  
As in youth's sunny day,  
Free as the wandering breeze in spring,  
Fresh as the ocean spray.

But still one hope my soul hath kept,—  
Its only wish will be,  
That my embitter'd cup of wo  
May be unshared by thee.



## THE LAST MEETING.

*A fragment.*

---

"Have we not loved as none have ever loved ?  
And must we part, as none have ever parted !"

MATURIN.

---

—It is the last time—and I ask  
Thy heart to strengthen with its task !  
Dearest, wilt thou heed my prayer ?  
Hence with sorrow, hence with care :  
Let no thought of suffering be  
Link'd to its fond memory !

I would see thy smiles to night,  
Beam again with joyous light.

I would see that brow of pride  
Cast its gloomy weight aside,  
And thy dark'ning features wear  
Sunnier glance, and hue more fair ;  
—I would see thee now once more,  
As thou wert in days of yore.

Here are fruits whose colours bright  
And glowing ripeness tempt the sight.  
Look, the autumn sun and dew,  
Decks them with rich bloom and hue :  
Wilt not thou their sweetness sip ?  
Let me press them to my lip :—  
In their perfumed freshness lies  
Sweets of Arab paradise !

Here are flowers—the loveliest, best  
That in dewy odours rest :  
See these roses—they are fair—  
Cull'd to grace thy raven hair :

Scorn not thou their fragrant breath;  
Ne'er again a summer wreath  
May these trembling fingers twine  
Round that dear white brow of thine !  
Haste—let the chaplet quick be made,  
Ere its brightest hues shall fade !

Here is wine :—the ruby tide,  
Blushing, woos thee, like a bride ;  
See—I kiss the golden brim ;  
Drink thou, or my tears will dim  
The lustre of each liquid gem  
Sparkling within, and mix with them !  
Drink thou—for wine a balsam pours,  
To heal such bleeding hearts as ours !

And bring the harp :—thy voice once more  
Shall blend with mine its thrilling tone :  
Choose the song, in days of yore  
Our hearts most loved to dwell upon !

Albeit I know 'twill wake a train  
Of thoughts, whose almost maddening pain,  
'Twere bliss enough to live for yet  
But one short moment to forget !  
—Sing ! and perchance thy gentle strain  
May lull the torture of my brain.

Oh, hush ! I could much rather bear  
The silence of eternity,—  
Ay, utter silence,—than to hear  
Such strangely mournful sounds from thee !  
Give *me* the harp ! Its fullest chords  
Beneath my hand shall boldly ring ;  
And suit with gayer, livelier words  
The alter'd cadence of each string.  
Sing ! till each swelling tone's decline  
Shall bring the LAST that blends with mine !

What ails the harp ? 'Tis discord all ;  
Deaden'd and dull its sweet notes fall !

Say, is some spell o'er its numbers thrown  
That I can wake no louder tone ?

— The string has broken !—my last touch

Has rudely crush'd its melody ;

It only snapt when trying too much ;—

Emblem of my lost heart and me !

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

---

" Forget them not ! tho' now their name  
Be but a mournful sound,  
Tho' by the hearth its utterance claim  
A stillness round."

Mrs. HEMANS.

---

THE memory of the Dead !

It shall not pass away,  
As pass all thoughts which time and change  
Hold 'neath their earthly sway.

The memory of the Dead !

Still round the heart 'twill cling—  
A flower—whose fadeless bloom  
Shall know no withering.

The *one* undying flower  
    'Mid all earth's sweets, which still  
May cheer the faint and fetter'd soul  
    When crush'd with human ill.

The memory of the Dead !  
    Shall it not oft arise,  
When Slumber's wand unveils,  
    Her hidden mysteries ?

Oft shall sweet visions bless  
    Our dreams of night :  
Then shall loved forms again  
    Gladden our sight !

Then may we watch again  
    Ev'ry look, ev'ry tone,  
All that we once had deem'd,—  
    Vainly,—our own !

The memory of the Dead !

Oh ! strongly it dwells,  
In our lone wanderings  
O'er earth's green dells :

When we gaze on each fair scene

Loved by the quiet dead,  
And trace the very spots  
Hallow'd by their light tread !

Oh ! thus shall ever live

Their memory in the heart,  
A treasure held within the depths  
Of its least worldly part !



## LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

---

I've gazed on thee, when o'er my soul  
Hath many a varied feeling stole :  
I've gazed on thee, when worldly strife  
Hath clouded o'er my hour of life,—  
When sorrow and when care have strewn  
With thorns, the path I've wander'd on,—  
And it hath sooth'd my aching breast  
To gaze upon thy pictured rest :  
Whene'er a troubled hour I see,  
Sweet Portrait, then I turn to thee !  
And a deep treasure then thou art  
To chase the shadow from my heart.

I've gazed on thee—I've gazed on thee  
Till sight hath grown idolatry !  
Till I have felt my bosom swell  
With fondness which no words may tell.  
Yes ! I have loved to dwell upon  
What there the painter's art hath thrown ;  
The lightning of thine eagle eye,  
Dazzling with its brilliancy ;  
The clear high brow, where seems enshrined  
The mirror of thy noble mind ;  
Thy lip, thy smile, thy raven hair,  
Are all in their own beauty there !

I've gazed on thee—I've gazed on thee  
In joy and in despondency ;  
Through every change that fate can bring,  
Of happiness or suffering ;—  
Through pain and pleasure, good and ill,  
Thy look, thy smile, is on me still !

I've gazed on thee—at morn, at even,  
Ev'n when my prayers are raised to Heaven;  
And, mingling with each holy thought,  
The dearest boon my lip hath sought  
Hath been, that Heaven's best gift might fall  
On thy so loved Original!

" The stubborn pride none else might rein,  
Hath stoop'd to love, and thee,—  
But as the pine upon the plain  
Bent by the blast, springs up again,  
So shall it fare with me ! "

ALARIC A. WATTS.

---

**YES**—thou hast lost a friend !

For my heart no more can be  
Bound to one, in whose fickle soul  
There dwells no constancy.

Oh ! a blessed time it was  
When I deem'd thee firm and true,  
When not a doubt of thy steadfast love  
My trusting spirit knew !

And well have I loved thee thro' long years  
In joyful union past—  
But life's clouds darken'd o'er my path,  
And thou did'st grow cold at last !

Oh ! I have calmly borne  
To watch sweet hopes decay,  
And every joy my heart hath known,  
Swept, one by one, away.

I have murmur'd not to find  
All friends untrue, but thee ;  
What cared I, while constant to my side  
Clung *one* so dear to me ?

Yes, yes ! thy love to me  
Was as a balm to heal  
The piercing wounds, which the world so soon  
Taught my young heart to feel.

And the life-blood from that heart  
Had sooner ebb'd away,  
Ere the bliss which sprung from a love like our's  
Had known this cold decay.

—But the dark day came at length,  
When thy strength and truth were tried :  
Thy truth ! 'twas as a dream which then  
In thine alter'd heart had died !

Ay ! thou, too, could'st forsake  
In the troubled hour of need ;  
And the faith on which my soul had lean'd  
Snapt, like a tottering reed !

Oh ! it is not in words  
My first wild grief to tell :  
I only knew thy lip had breathed,  
Coldly, our last farewell !

I watch'd thy form depart,  
Till its slightest trace was gone ;  
Oh, wildly throb'd my bursting heart.  
When I felt I was alone !

I had not deem'd on earth  
Such utter change could be,  
I had not deem'd that falsehood's self  
Could be so false as thee.

A long—a last farewell !  
For we shall not meet again ;  
And our dooms must be like parted links  
Sever'd from one close chain.

We shall not meet again ;  
For I could not brook to see  
Indifference in the eyes which turn'd  
So fondly once on me !

I could not calmly bear  
To gaze upon thy brow,  
And meet its haughty carelessness  
Bent coldly on me now !

It may be that many evil tongues,  
Had won their way to thee,—  
That Slander's scorpion breath had pour'd  
Her venom out on me.

But I deem'd not ev'n an angel's voice,  
Thy friendship could estrange;  
That on the earth there dwelt no power,  
Thy soul's young ties to change.

But yet no vain reproach  
From my wrung soul shall flow,  
And my outward, careless mien shall hide  
The festering wound below.



Now fate hath done her worst—  
And a reckless pride is mine !  
For nevermore may my lone breast know  
Desertion,—cold as thine !

But like the bark which trusts  
No more the dangerous sea,  
Where once its wreck hath been,—my heart  
A lesson learns through thee !

Farewell ! 'tis Time alone  
Thy memory can efface ;  
Till within my mind, no thought of thee,  
Shall find a resting-place.

And Time will teach each throbbing pulse  
Less painfully to swell,  
Than now :—when again to thee and thine,  
I bid a last farewell !

## THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

---

———" My devious path I bend  
Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn,  
Or pensile grove, or any cliff ascend,  
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn."

SHENSTONE.

---

THERE'S beauty, deep beauty, dwells for me  
In the sunny wave of each fresh green tree ;  
In the cooling breezes, that wander through  
The scented bloom of the hawthorn bough ;  
In the freshening fall, and the silvery spray  
Flung where the gleaming waters play ;  
—In every sight and sound of mirth  
By the glad Spring thrown o'er the wakening earth.

There's thrilling music dwells for me,  
Where the birds pour forth their minstrelsy—  
When the gay lark seeks his home on high,  
And his clear note rings thro' the summer sky ;  
Ev'n in the drone of the humble bee,  
Joyous and blithe in his wanderings free ;  
In the trumpet-note which the insect flings  
When the sun-rays gild his expanded wings.

And perfume and freshness dwell for me  
In lovely and endless variety ;  
Where nature hath thrown o'er each mossy dell  
Her mantle of green which I love so well ;  
Where breathe earth's fairy wealth of flowers,  
Their incense forth to the sunny hours,  
Fraught with rich gifts of bloom and hue,  
Or glistening like gems in the summer dew.

Oh ! tis alone in the open air,  
That my spirit forgets its early care,

When not a cloud o'er the sky is thrown,  
And the shadow rests on my heart alone.  
—Oh ! then must a thankful thought arise,  
For the beauty which gladdens my wondering eyes ;  
A blessing, no earthly power may spoil,  
'Mid this world's boon of strife and toil.

## THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

---

"Oh youth ! thou Spring of human life ;  
First, fairest of our dreams !"

M. J. J.

---

THE Dream of Youth !—oh, what hath been

Youth's sunny hour to me ?

Hath it past amid sunshine, light, and flowers,

As life's spring day should be ?

Oh ! the flowers which sprung in my morning hour,

In their own sweet bloom decay'd ;

And clouds o'er the face of my sunny heaven

Soon threw their darkening shade.

And the hopes which only youth can know,  
In its hour of sanguine trust,  
With all their glittering plumage sunk  
Down to the lowly dust.

And the joys of youth, like rainbow-tints,  
Melted away in tears ;  
And the colours died with which fancy deck'd  
The garb of future years.

And its smiles, in fitful gleams,  
Knew but a fleeting life ;  
How could they last in a world like this,  
So thronged with care and strife ?

And the visions whose gladdening power  
Might soothe the troubled mind,  
Vanished with fairy speed, and left  
A dreary waste behind.

For the fiend of disappointment threw  
Her chilling blight o'er all ;  
And no more on the young, tho' wither'd heart  
May a dew-like freshness fall !

And thus thy dream, oh youth !  
Hath ever been to me ;  
And life's summer and autumn scarce can prove,  
So troubled and wild as thee !

TO \* \* \*

---

It is in vain—I may not school  
My untutor'd heart and brow,  
To hide the feelings which would rush  
In fondness o'er them now !  
I may not teach my burning cheek  
Less plainly to declare,  
The deep and ever-varying hues  
Which passion hath thrown there.  
—It is in vain my heart would be  
Aught but a thing of truth to thee !

I may not bid mine eyes to dwell  
Less fondly on thine own,



Nor school my lip to wear to *thee*  
A cold and careless tone :  
No utterance foreign to my heart  
With studied skill would rise,  
E'en could I boast the masquer's art  
To check its smiles or sighs.  
Oh ! plainly must each hour betray  
The change of every thought's wild play.

'Twould be a vain attempt to still  
My bosom's fluttering beat,  
Thrilling with tenderness, whose power  
No tongue could e'er repeat :  
I may not tame each trembling pulse,  
Which throbs beneath the sway  
Of those fond feelings, which have thrown  
O'er life their chequer'd ray ;  
But reckless of all forced control,  
Betray thine empire o'er my soul !

## THE HUMAN HEART.

---

**THE Human Heart ! It is a cell  
Wherein all deeper feelings dwell ;  
A cavern'd home, where thoughts may lie  
Hid from all mortal scrutiny.  
Where passions with strong fervor burn,  
And Memory holds her treasured urn ;  
—A haven to which Love hath flown  
To fix his empire and his throne.**

**The Human Heart ! It is a tomb,  
Where sleep in silence and in gloom**

Hopes, which long the soul hath known,  
And fondly loved to dwell upon,  
Whose voiceless whispers oft could bring  
Joy to an hour of suffering,  
And whose glad rays could brightly cheer  
The darkest mien that Fate might wear.

The Human Heart ! It is a prey,  
Whose sweets have known the slow decay  
Breathed by the poisonous blight, which clings  
Darkly around Earth's fairest things ;  
And the cold canker-worm of care  
Will find a deadly entrance there :  
And many a joy will set in gloom  
Robb'd of its fresh and early bloom.

The Human heart ! It is a maze,  
And none may know its twisted ways ;  
A mystery, where good and ill  
Strangely their varied turns fulfil ;

Where light with darkness—strength and pride  
With weakness—closely are allied.  
—A thing, where many a change hath past  
Like sun-rays on an opal cast.

The Human Heart ! It is a home,  
Where many gladdening visions come ;  
Where dreams in golden beauty lie  
Which know no cold reality :  
A world, whose fairy landscapes owe  
Their sweet birth, and their freshening glow,  
Where all unearthly bloom is thrown,  
To Fancy's magic spell alone !

The Human Heart ! It is a gem,  
Bright as the glistening diadem.  
But many earthly stains will try  
To sully its fair purity :  
And fear and guilt and shame will fling  
Shadows which never cease to cling ;

And human woes and wrongs will wear  
Traces, all deeply graven there !

The Human Heart ! It is a flower,  
Beautiful in its spring-tide hour !  
Which, tendril-like, will fondly cling,  
And ask support and nourishing.  
—And ye have seen its tender pride  
Cast, like a worthless weed, aside ;  
Its fragrance spurn'd, its clasp undone,  
And all its beauty trampled on !

The Human Heart ! It is a sea  
Slumbering in calm tranquillity ;  
Or billows o'er its breast may swell  
Which of strife and storm will tell.  
—And sometimes in its depths may lie  
Treasures, whose stainless purity  
'Mid darker things, will brightly gleam,  
Like diamonds in the turbid stream.

The Human Heart ! It is a chord,—  
A strain of music,—sweetly pour'd,  
Which harsher notes will sometimes mar,  
And discord spoil with sudden jar;  
But it hath tones of lofty pride,  
High, swelling notes, which have not died,  
Without a memory of their power  
Breathing around each humbler hour.

TO \* \* \*



“And dost thou ask what secret woe,  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang even thou must fall to soothe?”

BYRON.



—And marvellest thou, that there should be  
Change on a brow like mine?—  
But heed it not, while still it turns  
So fondly upon thine!

Oh heed it not! if my young cheek  
More pallid still should grow;—  
Thou know'st, that every earthly bloom,  
A canker worm must know.

Oh heed it not ! if the full tear  
Should dim the joyous light,  
Which used to sparkle in mine eye  
Through hours of past delight.

Oh heed it not ! if ev'n my lip  
No early smiles should wear,—  
I even marvel now to think  
They ever *could* dwell there !

And is this strange ? look all around,  
And even in thine own heart :  
Hast thou not seen one golden dream,  
One cherish'd hope depart ?

Oh ! in thy cup of life, hast thou  
Always of sweetness quaff'd ?  
Hath not one drop of poisoning gall  
E'er mingled with the draught ?



Oh ! hath no rankling thorn beset  
The path thy steps have known ?  
And o'er thy heaven, hath not one cloud  
Its darkening shadow thrown ?

But oh ! no blessed doom like this  
May gild life's weary years ;  
And happiness hath not a home  
Within this vale of tears.

A " Vale of Tears " ! alas ! this earth  
Hath not a fitter name !  
A sorrowing title, borne through years,—  
An unforgotten fame !

For there are thousand ills which dwell,  
Like chain work, in the mind,  
And darkly are its spreading links  
With each fair thought entwined.

And this it is, that bids my brow,

A shade of sorrow wear,—

But, dearest ! heed it not, while love

Is traced so deeply there !

## THE LOVERS' MEETING.

---

THEY stood in silence,—for a crowd  
Of thoughts, whose saddening power  
Came o'er each spirit, like a shroud,  
To darken that fond hour !  
It was no fear of future wo,  
Nor memory of the past,  
That chill'd each bosom's youthful glow  
Now they had met at last !  
But it was mingled shame and pride,  
Clouded o'er each fair brow ;  
For deeply had their love been tried,  
To meet as they met now !

In secrecy, in solitude,  
In danger, and in fear,—  
And silently the spot they view'd,  
As, roofless, they stood there!  
'Twas no fair scene of sunny pride,  
That woo'd their footsteps now,  
But dismally the cold wind sigh'd  
Round each unshelter'd brow.  
And gloomy, drear, and desolate,  
Past on that hour unblest;  
But the deepest gloom of all, was that  
Which fell o'er each worn breast.

Oh Love ! thy strange mysterious power,  
Unfathomably deep,  
Can gild in stern misfortune's hour  
The tears thy votaries weep !  
And thus 'twas theirs, who through thy sway  
Had risk'd so much, to feel  
A thrilling sense of pleasure's ray,  
O'er these sad moments steal.

For the deep truth and tenderness  
Of each, was now reveal'd,  
Which thus could conquer all distress,  
And cause ev'n Fate to yield!

## THE PLACE OF REST.

---

“ Oh ! that I had the wings of a dove,—then would I flee away,  
and be at rest ! ”—PSALM LV.

---

At rest ! there is no rest on earth,  
No land of quiet bliss,  
Where the wrung soul may flee, when crush'd  
With the dark ills of this !

At rest ! oh, would'st thou seek 'mid crowds,  
Where kingly pomp appears,  
A refuge from the many woes  
Life's hour of trial bears ?

Or would'st thou seek 'mid savage wilds,  
By Man's proud step unprest,  
The boon thy longing soul would find—  
A spot of holy rest !

Oh ! in the courts of pomp and pride,  
Or in the worldly throng,  
There dwells no balm for rankling thoughts,—  
No rest can there belong.

And in the desert, far and lone,  
The storms of nature sweep,  
And not within its pathless depths  
May the worn spirit sleep.

Oh ! think not then, to find on earth,  
The rest thy soul would crave,—  
For us there is but *one* calm bourne—  
*One* resting place—the grave !

TO \* \* \*

---

OVER land and over sea,  
Loved one ! will I follow thee ;  
Asking but thy path to share,  
Whether thorns or flowers be there !  
By thy side in smiling hours,  
With thee when the tempest low'rs :—  
Think'st thou that my woman's heart  
Fears to act its noblest part,  
In showing how welcome ev'n can be  
Danger's self, if shared with thee ?  
Doubt not but my strength will rise  
When I meet thy speaking eyes ;  
Mine will reap, in searching thine,  
Courage from so loved a shrine !



Over land and over sea,  
Shall our happy wanderings be,  
All forgetful of the past,  
With ne'er a thought to sorrow cast.  
Joy a resting-place will find  
In our hearts, for ever twined  
In love's strong and deathless band ;—  
Thus to wander, hand in hand,  
To share with thee each evil hour  
That heaven in its wrath may pour,  
And be the blest partaker too  
Of every bliss thy fondness knew ;  
Oh! Heaven, with all its power to bless,  
Could ne'er bestow more happiness,  
Nor grant a dearer destiny  
Than thus to live, and thus to die !

## COME ROVE WITH ME!

---

COME rove with me, where the sun-beam's smile  
Lights up the fresh, green dell ;  
Come, taste the balmy fragrance borne  
From each blossom's opening cell.  
Come rove with me ! no shades of care  
To these bright scenes belong,  
But joy rings forth 'mid the sunny sky,  
And thrills in each free bird's song.  
O linger not ! 'tis sweet to breathe  
The day-spring's gladdening air ;  
For perfume dwells in each breeze that sighs,  
And beauty, every where !

Come rove with me ! and our path shall lie

O'er the green, shadowy grass,

Where glittering cowslip-bells shall wave

To greet us as we pass !

We'll seek the lonely forest-glades,

Where bound, in tameless glee,

The sportive fawns, in their wild hour

Of joyous revelry.

And there, from his sweet home of love,

The ring-dove's note is found,

In tones, whose quiet tenderness

Breaks the dull stillness round.

Come seek with me the mossy beds

When lengthening shadows creep,

Where crowds of the azure violet,

In dewy odours sleep.

We'll twine them with pale primrose stars,

A glowing, spring-tide wreath !

And the wild hyacinth shall yield  
    Its store of bloom and breath.  
And every bud which May hath strewn  
    O'er the awakening earth,  
Shall be our own in their sweetest hour,  
    The hour of their lovely birth.

Oh come with me ! thine ear will find  
    In each rill that murmurs by,  
Disporting o'er its pebbly bed,  
    A tone of melody.  
We'll watch the fairy tints that deck  
    Each insects' rainbow wing  
That flits along the velvet turf  
    In gem-like glistening.  
O stay not now ! thy home is sad,  
    Thy hearth is chill and lone ;  
And nature's loveliness will oft  
    For darker griefs atone !

## THE MINSTREL LYRE.

---

THEY bid me throw aside the lyre,  
Whose tones so oft have thrill'd  
Responsive to each gush of thought,  
Which hath my spirit fill'd.

It may be that my hand is weak,  
And 'tis in vain I try  
To strike its trembling chords, and yield  
One breath of melody.

Yet not the less my unskill'd touch  
The quivering strings would seize,  
And from my lips my full soul pour  
In numbers wild as these !

They tell me 'tis to other dreams

My heart should fondly turn,-

That other than the minstrel fire

Must teach its depths to burn.

They bid me all renounce the fame

Which is the poet's meed ;

And seek in other, humbler views

The charm my soul would need.

But 'tis in vain—the power which rules

Our souls, could ne'er have given

Deep thoughts, high impulses, to be

By man repress'd or riven.

Ye may not tame the eagle's wing,

Nor share his dazzling height ;

Less may ye curb the soaring soul,

Or chain its upward flight.

Then say not that the lyre should be  
Carelessly flung aside ;  
Nor coldly scorn the gentle lays  
Which are the minstrel's pride !

## STANZAS WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

---

**SPIRIT of sleep ! at this solemn hour  
Thousands are lull'd by thy soothing power ;  
Many an aching heart and brow  
Feels not a care 'neath thine influence now.  
To sickness and sorrow a friend thou art,  
And thou givest new life to the wanderer's heart ;  
Yet oft o'er the pillows of pomp and pride  
Thy slightest blessing has been denied ;  
And thousands e'en now are striving in vain,  
One hour of freedom like thine to gain.  
—Oh ! a wealth unto all is thy peaceful sway,  
And a deep-felt welcome waits on thy stay.**



Spirit of sleep ! in thy dreams of night,  
What visions flit by in their robes of light !  
How often by thee are the mourner's eyes  
Blest with rich glimpses of paradise.  
And long loved forms may the memory trace,  
Which the tomb hath hid from our fond embrace,—  
And the days of childhood's sunny track  
Are borne with their own green freshness back ;  
And thy pleasant ray will a halo shed  
O'er cherish'd hopes which have long lain dead,  
And moments of gladness and joy, though few,  
Are lived o'er again in thy bright review !

The sailor lies down on the moon-lit main,  
And his home comes back o'er his heart again ;  
And his bosom swells as his sight is blest  
With the phantoms which rise o'er his dreaming rest.  
—The joyous beams of many an eye  
Lit up with a gem-like brilliancy ;

The fondest glances that love can show,  
And voices, the sweetest the heart can know :  
The kind sweet lips, whose all-cheering smile  
Hath gladden'd his spirit thro' many a toil ;  
All—all, through thy wild, enchanting power  
Revisit his soul in its loneliest hour.

Like a heavenly boon is thy soft spell,  
To the lonely captive's gloomy cell,  
Breathing thy balmy influence  
To heal the tortures of each wrung sense ;  
Bringing those visions of nature's pride  
From his waking sight so long denied.  
He hears the gushing of gentle springs,  
And traces their azure wanderings :  
The thrilling note of the free bird's song,  
The chainless breeze, as it floats along,—  
All speak to his worn and weary heart  
Of the bliss in which *he* may bear no part.

Then hail ! sweet spirit of sleep, to thee !  
And deep shall our grateful feelings be,  
When we number the many blessings sent  
Through thee, o'er our troubled element.  
And welcome and dear is the pillow we press,  
To lose in thy sweet forgetfulness,  
When wearied with toil or vex'd with strife,  
All sense of the bitterest ills of life :  
Existence would lose its most heavenly part,  
If thy shadow forsook the troubled heart ;  
Then blessings again on thy downy wing,  
Thou refuge from care and suffering !

## FRAGMENT.

---

There's not a joy this world can give, like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past."

BYRON.

---

THERE is a feeling, cold and drear, comes o'er the  
youthful heart,

When, one by one, its sun-bright dreams, its radiant  
hopes depart ;

When life itself grows weary 'neath its weight of  
pain and care,

And the spirit turns and sickens at the ills it has  
to bear.

When Hope, that lured us on afar, hath ceased to  
shed its ray

O'er the dark and troubled path, in which we've  
wander'd long astray,

And chill despair hath cast its blighting midnight o'er  
the mind,—

Midnight o'er which no morning breaks—and friends,  
like fate, unkind.

Oh ! that this cold, unfeeling world should destine  
for its prey

Those early feelings, pure and warm, that bless  
youth's sunny day,—

Feelings, bright as Spring's first flowers, as fleeting,  
and as vain,

And, like those flowers, once withered, may never  
bloom again !

## FAIRY LAND.

---

IT was as fair a spot as e'er  
Glow'd 'neath the painter's hand,  
And, in mine own wild fancy, oft  
I called it "Fairy Land."  
For there, in lovely miniature,  
Was all the eye could prize :  
Just such a spot, where elfin trains,  
Might hold their revelries.  
—A mossy bank encircled it,  
Where the rich violet  
Was with pale wreaths of primrose stars  
In sweet confusion set.

Oh, I have dearly loved to lean  
On that bank's scented side,  
And gaze upon each separate charm  
Of that spot's sunny pride.  
—The hawthorn there had richer bloom,  
The elm had brighter green,  
And no where might the wilding rose  
So very fair, be seen.  
The honey-suckle's fond caress  
Clung in sweet clusters there,  
And threw its store of perfumed wealth  
Fresh on the summer air.  
The very turf ye trod upon  
Seem'd as tho' softer spread ;  
And crowds of glistening cowslip bells  
Waved o'er that velvet bed.  
A robin there had made his home—  
I've watch'd his swelling throat,  
Till that green solitude hath rung  
With his clear, thrilling note.

—Oh ! life would be too fair, if all  
Its hours were spent like those  
Which I have pass'd, sweet Fairy-Land !  
In thy so soft repose.



I will not pause to marvel now

On all that wrought this change in thee,

For ev'n thy heart, like thy pale brow,

Seems chill'd by grief's intensity.

Nor oh! art thou the only one

Link'd to a doom of suffering,

Whose young heart's sorrowing hath known

No sun-ray in its blighted spring!

## THE FIRST PARTING.

---

"We never know how we have loved  
Till what we have loved is departed,  
For the strength of affection is prov'd  
By the joyless and desolate hearted."

---

OH ! 'tis all too sadly true—

Never might my soul have known  
Half the pangs which rend it now,  
To part with thee, beloved one !

Never since that anguish'd hour  
When our first farewell was said,  
Hath the sun of joy had power  
One bright gleam o'er my path to shed.

How little did I deem when blest,  
And more than blest, in being with thee,  
That memory of such happiness  
Would soon be all in store for me.

And but for that one cheering ray  
O'er which its loneliness may brood,  
All were darkness, all were gloom,  
In my heart's drear solitude.

But oh! forgive, my honor'd love!  
The vain repinings of a heart  
Whose fondness only may mislead  
To bear a weak and murmuring part.

And hope's sweet whisperings shall tell,  
These heavy hours of absence past,  
That joy's bright star again will smile,—  
And our *first* parting be our *last*!

## THE GIFT OF SONG.

---

“ Oh Genius ! fling aside thy starry crown,  
Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head  
Lay dust and ashes ; for this cold world  
Is but thy prison house ! alas ! for him  
Who has thy dangerous gifts, for they are like  
The fatal ones that evil spirits give—  
Bright and bewildering—leading unto death ! ”

L. E. L.

---

It is a dangerous gift—yet one  
My soul would not resign,  
If but alone for me, the world  
Might bid its treasures shine.  
There is no lure beneath the sky  
May woo me from my destiny !

Away! thine heart is calm and cold—  
And well it is for thee,  
That thou may'st shun a spell which flings  
Such sadness now o'er me.  
Albeit, I would not change for thine,  
The very loneliest hour of mine !

Thou dost not know the poet's thoughts,  
The soarings of his soul,  
The feelings, whose o'ermastering power  
Will brook no tame controul ;  
Thou know'st not what it is to be  
The slave of burning dreams like me !

Away! go, join the heedless throng  
With heart as free, as light—  
Turn from the poet's mournful brow  
'Mid his watch thro' the lonely night ;  
When his 'rapt spirit seeks on high  
Communion with the starry sky.

Yes, yes, for him a mystic charm  
In each moonlight vigil dwells  
When a rich store of thoughts sublime  
In his deep bosom swells.  
Away! away! the poet's fate  
In crowds alone is desolate!

In crowds! oh, they can hang entranced  
Upon his eye of flame,  
And shed around his gift of song  
The meed of earthly fame:  
But oh! their praise is cold and dim—  
They cannot think, feel, *burn* with him!

His soul hath no companionship,—  
And oft his joyless mind  
Hath sicken'd at the weary ties  
Which bind him to mankind.  
—And oh! ne'er may his treasured art  
With the cold things of life bear part!

## LIFE.

---

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

THE GIAOUR.

---

It is a weary pilgrimage—

A path of thorns and care,

Where the few flowers that spring around

Bloom but to wither there !

It is a troubled stream, whose flow

Hath many a restless change,

Where each glad calm is soon overwhelm'd

By tempests dark and strange :—

Albeit its surface oft may be  
With smiles of sunshine deck'd ;  
Yet hath the fairy bark of hope  
Been ever darkly wreck'd.

It is a journey, trod o'er paths  
In no green beauty drest,  
Pursued with toil, and offering not  
One tranquil hour of rest.

It is a long, a busy day,  
Crowded with strife and care,—  
Where pain and sorrow work the chain  
Our hearts must learn to bear.



## PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH.

---

“ ——— Oh ! there lie such depths of wo  
In a young blighted spirit ! Manhood rears  
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears ;  
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze,  
At the dark cloud o’ermantling its fresh days.”

MRS. HEMANS.

---

THERE is a paleness o’er that cheek,  
A shadow o’er that brow,  
And from those dark and radiant eyes  
Sad, sorrowing tears overflow :—  
Tho’ lingering round those half-closed lips  
A scornful smile still plays,  
As if in mockery of the tear  
Which o’er that soft cheek strays.

And see those jetty wreaths of hair  
    Carelessly flung aside,  
Waving in their dark majesty  
    Above that brow of pride.  
Yes—'tis a face on which the eye  
    Must gaze with sad delight,  
And marvel how o'er thing so fair  
    Sorrow should cast its blight.  
Is he not rich in beauty's bloom ?  
    Outside, all fresh and fair ?—  
Yet view his inmost heart, and see  
    What wreck and ruin there !  
His was the spirit's silent wo,  
    Which vainly strives to hide  
Its depth beneath a lip of scorn,  
    Beneath a look of pride.  
And for those large slow gathering tears,  
    Dimming each star-bright eye,—  
They told how love to his soul had been  
    But utter vanity !

How each fond dream his heart had nurst,  
—Had been by a cold world blighted,  
They told of sweet hopes withered,  
And warmest feelings slighted.  
Aye—it is sad to mark the power  
Earth holds o'er breath and bloom,  
Wasting their sweets ; and this fair youth  
Sleeps in his early tomb.

## ADVERSITY.

*Addressed to a friend.*

---

“ And hearts that each thrill of joy may waken  
Should bear un murmuring sorrow's sting ;  
Nor genius, from its height be shaken  
By every buffet from fortune's wing !”

A. A. WATTS.

---

DEAR girl, I saw the trembling tears  
From thy downcast eye-lids start ;  
And I fear'd, like mine, they too truly spoke  
The wrongs of a wounded heart.  
I sigh'd to think that a touch so rude  
—Should waken thy heart's young sleep,—  
That the bitter wrongs of a cruel world  
Had taught thee so soon to weep !

Yet cheer thee, sweetest ! tho' dark the scene,

A star may still rise thro' the gloom,

The star of hope, which heralds the dawn

Of brighter days to come.

Oh yes ! and oft as the cherishing sun

Through a watery sky appears,

So prosperity's sun will brighten thy heart,

And smiles shine through thy tears.

Oh ! grieve not that this world is cold,

Or that friends should prove unkind,

For neither controul the purer joys

That arise from a spotless mind.

And say, dear girl, shall our hearts be worse,

When unclouded and bright our sky,

For having drunk of that chastening cup,—

The cup of Adversity !

## I THINK OF THEE.

---

" There's not a bird, whose varied wing  
    Displays a thousand glittering dyes ;  
There's not a beauteous cloud can fling  
    Its dawn of glory o'er the skies ;  
There's naught of pure or bright I see,  
But I am sure to think of thee."

PERSIAN MELODY.

---

I THINK of thee—'twere vain to tell  
    How oft I think of thee ;  
Since blent with every thought of mine  
    Is thy loved memory.

I look upon the silvery lake,  
    By light winds ruffled o'er.  
And think how oft thy step with mine,  
    Hath prest its flower-deck'd shore.

I gaze upon the face of night  
    Upon her star-gemm'd brow,  
And thoughts of thee, and banish'd bliss,  
    O'er my lone spirit flow.

I rove o'er scenes which nature's hand  
    Hath deck'd, all brightly fair;  
Her loveliness is blent with thine,  
    I trace thy presence there !

I pierce the haunts of solitude,  
    The wild wood's shadowy glen ;  
I am not lonely ; thoughts of thee  
    Gladden my wanderings then !

I listen to soft thrilling tones,  
    To music's sweetest sigh,  
And still thy voice breathes o'er mine ear  
    Its gentle harmony.

I look upon the world of flowers,  
In summer hues array'd ;  
Thine were the hands which twined them oft  
In many a glowing braid.

And oft upon the sunny heaven  
Of cloudless blue, I gaze ;  
And picture there the light which dwelt  
Within thine eyes' fond rays.

In vain I know that thou art lost ;  
My heart will fondly cling  
To thee, with all the yearning love  
Which knows no withering.

And still, through every hour of life,  
My thoughts will turn to thee ;  
Nor change can shake, nor time can dim  
My heart's deep constancy.



## LOVE.

A fragment.

---

And Disappointment well might be  
A fitter name, oh Love, for thee !

---

THE bloom from the maiden's cheek hath fled,  
And a paleness, like marble, is there instead ;  
And her brow, which once was so bright and fair,  
Is clouded with many a trace of care.  
The light hath gone from her clear blue eye  
Which gladden'd all hearts by its radiancy ;  
And 'neath each wan and drooping lid  
A fountain of tears lies ever hid.

Her voice hath lost its soul-thrilling tone,  
And the playful smile from her lip is flown.  
And o'er her features and form, too well  
Ye may trace the work of some deadly spell ;  
Tho' from this wreck, oh ! none might guess  
That maiden's surpassing loveliness !

And is it thus thou can'st repay,  
Oh Love ! the heart that owns thy sway ?  
And must its trusting fibres break  
But for their own devotion's sake ?  
And must thine earthly bondage be  
Ended in such lone misery ?

## LINES

On the Portrait of a favourite Dog.

---

LET others prize the gorgeous hues  
Which deck each master-piece of old ;  
Forms, which enchant the wondering gaze,  
And features stamp'd in beauty's mould :—

Leave *me* the portrait of my dog !  
Let me behold its guileless mien,  
And trace the fond and faithful love  
Which dwells alone for me therein.

Yes ! to my partial eye there seems  
United in this pictured trace,  
All that the limner's skill reveals  
Of beauty, tenderness, and grace !

## THE MINSTREL LOVER.

A Poetic Sketch.

---

### I.

HE came from the bright and glowing land,  
Where perfume dwelt in each breeze that fann'd  
The bronzed cheek which the summer sun,  
With intense splendour had shone upon :  
Where the sultry air, and the cloudless sky,  
Re-echo with ceaseless melody :  
Where laughter rings out, and music swells,  
And song streams forth from its bright green dells :  
Where the flowers have richer bloom and hue,  
And fragrance dwells in their clustering dew :

Where the gushing of fountains from silvery springs,  
A freshness all pure to the wanderer brings.

## II.

And he—that stranger youth—was one  
For whom a charmed fate seem'd spun.  
Of lowly birth, though a soul as high  
As e'er lighted the depths of a Poet's eye.  
The gift of song in his spirit dwelt,  
And the coldest bosoms its power felt ;  
The bursting forth of his numbers wild,  
Own'd him the muse's favour'd child.  
And at length the syren breath of fame,  
Threw honours thickly o'er his name ;  
And gold and praise, the Poet's meed,  
Was won by thy minstrel art, Almide !

## III.

And, fatally, he soon was woo'd  
To leave his home's dear solitude,

That England might his genius know,  
And wreathe fresh laurels o'er his brow :  
They told him that a rich reward  
Dwelt there for the young and gifted bard.  
—And he left his country's home and hearth,  
The sweets of his native sky and earth ;  
And the sunny breast of the dark blue sea  
Oft echo'd his lute's wild melody,  
At the closing of eve, and the starry night,  
Mingled those strains with the deep wind's might.

## IV.

And from his own enchanted shore  
His heart had brought a dangerous store  
Of thoughts and feelings, which too well  
Chain'd his young spirit 'neath their spell.  
And the crimson flush on his burning cheek  
Of passionate dreams and hopes would speak ;  
And o'er his brow,—as upon a glass,—  
Ye might trace the gushing feelings pass,

And his life,—his breath,—his very soul  
Own'd Inspiration's wild controul,  
And the flashes which gleam'd from his dazzling eye  
Were lit by the fire of Poesy.

## V.

But soon, o'er the trusting heart, how soon  
Life's shadows, her darkening clouds, sweep on.  
Soon disappointment's withering blight  
Will chase from fancy the hues of light,  
With which she decks the hopes that bless  
Youth's morn, by their glowing vividness.  
—And thus—oh, need it be told, that he  
Soon mourn'd o'er *his* young hopes' vanity?  
The dream, the golden dream, the star,  
That had woo'd him from his home afar,  
Ev'n like the ignis-fatuus light;  
Shone but to mock his dazzled sight.

## VI.

—Then—then—in his spirit's anguish, then  
That home came o'er his thoughts again :

How did he yearn that land to press,  
He had left in such cold carelessness !  
How did his childhood's sunny track,  
In visions o'er his soul come back !  
How did his mother's latest prayer  
Haunt him in his lone hour of care !  
—And then he vow'd his treasured art  
Should, like the mist of eve, depart;  
And sadly silent, coldly mute,  
Became each string that blest his lute.

## VII.

And time past on. They woke again,  
Those slumbering strings : each gushing strain  
Had now a deeper, wilder swell,  
As wrought by some impassion'd spell.  
That spell was love ! yet love untold,  
Unthought of, till its fiery hold  
Had wrapp'd each hope, each sense, each thought,—  
Till every burning dream was fraught



With one bright form, whose sylph-like  
    grace  
Had left upon his mind a trace  
Fadeless as those the limner's art  
To the cold canvass doth impart.

## VIII.

In truth the Lady Constance shone  
Of English dames, the loveliest one :  
With eyes, whose deep celestial blue  
Around a gem-like radiance threw ;  
And than her cheek, the young blush-rose  
Not fainter, and not lovelier, glows.—  
In sunny waves her golden hair  
Stream'd o'er a brow, as ivory fair ;  
And on her lips the smiles would dwell  
Like sun-beams on the rose-bud's cell ;  
And in her voice's slightest sound  
Sweetness, like music, hung around.

## IX.

Such was the being whose beauty's light  
Stole o'er young Almide's dazzled sight,  
Like some bright seraph from on high,  
To chain his soul's idolatry.

He gazed on her young loveliness,  
As though his spirit would impress  
On its deep shrine, a form so fair,  
To be the worshipp'd idol there !  
—And fondly, madly, would he dwell  
On thoughts of her ; so wild the spell  
That bound his soul, its dreams could be  
Ended but in deep variety !

## X.

He knew not then, how cold, how proud  
The heart to which his faith was vow'd ;  
He knew not 'neath so smooth a brow  
Could thoughts of haughty bearing flow ;  
He knew not that her lip could wear  
The curl of scorn, its smiles to share ;

## L

He knew not that her sweet blue eye,  
Could flash on him contemptuously,—  
Till at her feet young Almide knelt  
To tell what in his spirit dwelt,—  
All the fond passion, which his soul  
Could strive no longer to control.

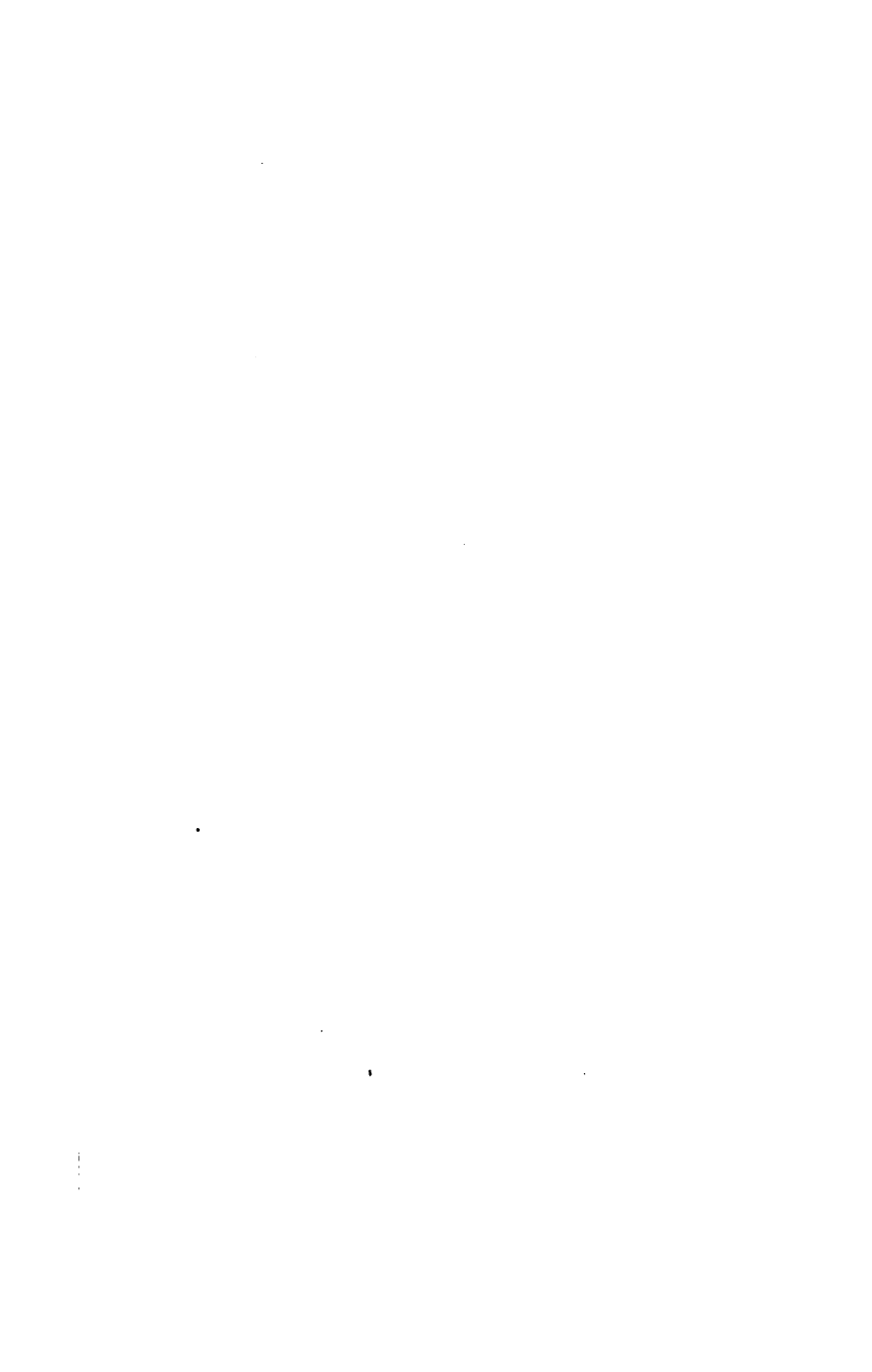
## XI.

He had not deem'd that worldly pride,  
When ev'n to rank and birth allied,  
Could teach its votaries to crush  
The softer feelings, which would rush  
O'er the heart's surface ; enough to learn  
*One* could his homage coldly spurn ;  
Enough for him, that proud disdain  
Had met his captive spirit's chain.  
—And from that hour, he vainly sought  
To banish from his mind each thought  
Which could recall the hopes that fled,  
When his young love-dream vanished.

.

## XII.

—It might not be ! the wound had been  
Too deep, for ev'n his studied mien  
To hide, as o'er his brow were blent  
The shadows which despair had sent.  
Yet silently his doom was borne ;  
Even his lute was still'd : no morn  
Rose o'er the midnight of his fate ;  
And from his breast the chilling weight  
Might never pass away ! at length  
Health faded from his cheek ; and strength  
Left the young form, which sunk beneath  
The welcome, yet cold clasp of death !



**STANZAS FOR MUSIC.**

No. I.

**THE LOVER'S WREATH.**

---

**COME** twine a braid, a sunny braid,  
Of flowers, whose lovely bloom  
Hath shed upon the summer air  
A store of rich perfume.

In all a likeness may be traced  
To thee, in this bright hour,  
When love hath taught thy heart and eye  
To feel his thrilling power.

O seek the silvery jasmine flowers,  
To blend their hue of snow,  
With the deep crimson tints that deck  
The rose-bud's opening glow.

For oh ! the jasmine buds are like  
Thy purity, thy truth ;  
And bright rose-tints are those which mark  
Thy sunny hour of youth.

O seek where some green myrtle bough  
Its leaves, in fragrance, spreads,  
To mingle with the amethyst gleams  
From purple violet beds.

The myrtle tells of constancy,—  
Can it be like thine own ?  
And love hath in thine eyes' deep blue  
His glistening radiance thrown.

O twine the braid, it could not grace  
A brow more pure, more fair ;  
And let my love speak out in each  
Sweet flower that blossoms there !



No. II.

---

" I'd be a Nightingale ! "

---

THOU gifted bird of song !  
Oh ! who would not be thee,  
To breathe through night's enchanting hours  
Thy witching melody !

Oh ! who would not be thee !  
To fix thy place of rest  
Among the leaves, which the pale moon  
Hath in soft radiance drest.

Oh ! who would not be thee !  
To watch the summer flowers,  
Inhaling their rich, fragrant breath,  
Through the sweet, dewy hours.

Oh who would not be thee !  
In thy nocturnal lay,  
There dwells a charm, unfelt, unheard  
In the warbled notes of day !

Oh who would not be thee !  
When all beside is still,  
To be the only thrilling voice,  
Night's listless air to fill.

Thou art the poet's bird ;  
Thy fate is like his own ;  
Thy gushing lays go forth to all,—  
Thyself unseen, unknown.

Thou art the lover's bird !  
He hears in thy rich song  
The sweet, sad tenderness, which oft  
To his own thoughts belong.

Thou blest, thou rapturous bird,  
Oh, who would not be thee !  
And share the silvery hours that bless  
Thy sweet, wild destiny !

No. III.

LE SOLITAIRE.

---

I WILL forsake the haunts of men,  
The busy, heedless, throng ;  
I will go where no breeze shall bring  
Its clamorous noise along.  
My home shall be where the fresh green tree  
My canopy shall wreath,  
And o'er my bed of downy moss  
Shall perfumed flowers breathe.  
The only voices which my ear  
Will welcome near my bower,  
Are those with which the free birds chaunt  
Their hymns thro' the lonely hour.

And mute communion will I hold  
With each insect on the wing,  
For their hues are fairer to me than gold,  
Or than gems, their glistening.  
Yes ! I will leave both pomp and pride ;  
For lighted halls no more,  
With their gay crowds, can win from me  
The ready smiles of yore.  
I will not trust in human friends ;  
My heart's deep, inward scar,  
My buried hopes, my blighted joys,  
May tell how false they are !  
—Farewell to all ! I now will seek,  
Far in some wild wood glen,  
The peace, the rest, so long denied,  
'Mid the troubled homes of men !

No. IV.

CANZONET.

---

YES ! thou art form'd in beauty's mould,  
A charm shines out in every feature,  
And never did mine eyes behold  
So very fair, so bright a creature !

Yet have I cause to rue the day  
When, yielding to thy witchery,  
I gave my captive heart away,  
And pledged its warmest faith to thee.

For then, too late, 'twas mine to prove,  
Thy heart was chill'd by stony pride;  
Wherein no trace of answering love  
To my impassioned vows replied.

But now, farewell ! to sigh were vain ;  
My heart will strive for freedom yet,  
And rend in scorn the transient chain  
Which bound it to a false coquette.

No. V.

### THE PARTING SONG.

---

THE hour is come, and the moon's smile  
Is on our old yew-tree,  
And, dear one ! 'neath its clustering leaves,  
Our last farewell shall be.

Oh ! ever can thy mind forget  
The blissful hours we've past  
Beneath that very tree, which now  
Must look upon our last !



Yes, often hath yon silvery ray  
Guided our footsteps there,  
Ere our young, trusting hearts foretold  
These after-hours of care !

O let us seek it now once more !  
And there our thoughts' sad range  
Shall dwell on many a vanish'd dream,  
On many a sorrowing change.

'Twas there, when Night's fair, placid Queen  
Shone sadly sweet, as now,  
That first my lip was prest to thine,  
To seal our love's fond vow.

That vow is broken, not by thee !  
I *will* not say by thee !  
But pour my wild, yet vain reproach,  
On our lorn destiny.

O come ! tomorrow's sun shall light  
The yew's deep, funeral shade ;  
But ne'er again thine eye may watch  
With mine, those sunbeams fade !

I—I alone, may haunt again  
The joyless desert scene,  
Where every joy my heart hath known,  
My all of bliss hath been.

Not long ! not long ! the chain of life  
Can never long move on,  
When all the glittering hues that wrought  
Its brightest links are gone !

And this must be my fate ! I would  
Sink like the lingering flowers,  
Which pine for the sweet dew and warmth  
They found in brighter hours.

But come ! my last, my fondest kiss,  
Alone shall wildly tell  
The anguish of the broken heart,  
That bids its long farewell !

No. VI.

**BALLAD.**

---

FAIR as are thine eyes of blue,  
Flashing their dark lashes through ;  
Fair as is thy cheek where glows  
Summer's loveliest tint of rose ;  
Fair as are thy ringlets bright,  
Wantoning in their own glad light ;  
Yet, maiden ! 'tis in vain o'er me,  
To throw thy spell-like witchery.

Sing no more that thrilling strain :  
It tortures now my throbbing brain ;  
Silvery sweet as is thy voice,  
It cannot bid my soul rejoice ;

Know'st thou not each magic tone  
Falls upon a heart of stone ?  
And no charm may dwell for me  
In thy swelling minstrelsy !

For my heart too long hath lain  
Dead to beauty's glittering chain,  
For its pulses now to swell,  
'Neath such fond yet idle spell ;  
And each feeling hath been wrung  
Like chords, which if too finely strung,  
Will either break at once, or fling  
Discord o'er every other string.

'Tis in vain—all words are weak  
Sufferings such as mine, to speak,  
Griefs which every nerve hath torn,  
Yet in un murmuring silence borne ;  
You know not—never may you know  
Half my spirit's secret wo ;

Enough to say, it ne'er can be  
Home for Love's light vanity !

Weep not ! I could not bear to see,  
Tears falling from those eyes for me ;  
Not one cloud across thy brow,  
Must its darkening shadow throw,  
For a wretch, so lost and lone  
As the one thou look'st upon !  
I could not brook that ev'n a sigh  
Should mar thy breast's tranquillity !

Away ! to those whose happier doom  
Robes them yet in light and bloom,  
To them exert thy dazzling smiles,  
All thy witchery—all thy wiles ;  
Let no thought of me destroy  
Thy young hours of hope and joy,—  
And struggle, oh ! struggle to forget,  
Maiden, that we ever met !

No. VII.

GEORGIAN SONG.

---

OH ! dear to me is the myrtle bower,  
Which blooms by the side of yon hill :  
And dear to me is its pale white flower,  
But thou art dearer still !

I love, with woman's pride, the pearls  
Which are clasp'd around my brow,  
And the gems which deck my long dark curls ;  
But what so dear as thou ?

I glory in the thousand lights,  
Spread in my father's hall :  
I love the dance, and such fair sights ;  
But thou art dearer than all !

There are no silks in India's land,  
Finer than those I wear,  
And slaves I have at my command ;  
All these to me are dear.

But dearer, far dearer, thy voice to me  
Than my sweet harp's silver thrill,  
And dearer, by far, thy form to see,  
Than my bower beside the hill.

Yes, all shall be given up for thee,  
For thou, than them all, art more dear ;  
Then I'll fly to thine arms, which are open for me,  
And repose in the heaven there !



No. VIII.

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

---

THEY said that he was false,—  
That his heart had wander'd far  
From the pure faith which brightly form'd  
His young life's morning star.

They said that he had thrown  
The idol from its shrine,  
And left the flower, once fondly prized,  
In cold neglect to pine.

They said that he had sigh'd  
Round beauty's glittering bower,  
And woo'd and won her sweetest smiles,  
And own'd their witching power.

And *she* whom he had left,  
To him still fondly clung  
With the deep trust which love alone  
O'er woman's heart hath flung ;

Till even hope no more  
Its victim could deceive,—  
And the ray of truth flash'd o'er the tale  
'Twas torture to believe.

Then the brightness from her life,  
Its only charm, was gone ;  
And withering 'neath despair's cold blight,  
Sunk that forsaken one !

From her young soul was torn,  
Rudely, its tenderest tie ;  
And the fibres of her trusting heart  
Had but to break—and die !

No. IX.

**ANSWER TO A DEPARTING LOVER.**

---

**FORGET thee!—and dost thou really deem  
My heart so light and vain,  
As to think that where once its faith is set,  
It ever could change again.**

**Forget thee ! shall the rose forget  
Her own loved nightingale ?  
Shall the mountain-torrent bend its course  
From its own sequester'd vale ?**

**Forget thee ! oh, how vain the doubt !  
Does the willow forget the wave,—  
Does the flower forget the bee, to whom  
Her sweetest wealth she gave ?**

Forget thee ! dearest, why cherish a fear

That my thoughts could be turn'd from thee,—

Dost thou think that all faith from the world hath flown,

All truth, all constancy ?

— I well remember a bird whose wing

O'er the ocean hath often cast,

Who travels from zone to zone, yet returns

To its own loved home at last.

Thou shalt be like that roving bird ;

My bosom that home shall be ;

And no resting place for thy weary wing,

Will so dearly welcome thee !

No. X.

---

I'd gaze for ever on those eyes  
As they turn soft on me ;  
I'd list for ever to the sighs  
Which sweetly steal from thee.  
How fondly, tenderly, I'd dwell  
On thy voice's every tone,  
As thy speaking looks convey so well  
Fond answerings to my own !  
I'd ask no brighter happiness  
Than what thy smiles impart,  
While their sunny, glowing rays impress  
Thine image on my heart.

I would be prouder of thy love  
    Than all this world holds dear,  
And never from thy side to move,  
    Would be my fondest prayer.  
Yes, dearest, every hope of mine,  
    And tenderest thoughts, are given  
To thee, who must for ever shine  
    The pole-star of my Heaven !

No. XI.

---

YES ! I must ever mourn to think,  
That o'er thy heart and brow,  
Could pass so swift, yet deep a change  
As that I weep for now !

I might have known thy restless soul  
Would own no chain of mine ;  
I might have guess'd what love would be  
Unto a heart like thine.

A moment's dream, a passing thought,  
A trifle, and a toy ;  
Careless alike, if fate or chance  
Might favor or destroy.

**But go, in your carelessness and pride :**

**I, too, have pride left yet ;**

**Tho' in the strife my heart may break,**

**'Twill struggle to forget!**



No. XII.

LE SOUVENIR.

---

It was a low—a plaintive air,  
The very echo of the heart ;  
Sad,—yet so sweet, as tho' it stole  
From sorrow her most touching part.  
Oh ! ne'er till then did music fall  
So soul-subduing on mine ear,  
I could have deem'd my spirit drank  
The concord of a holier sphere.

And the young minstrel—she was fair,  
As ever graced the poet's dream,  
With eyes, whose rays of heavenly blue,  
Shone forth in many a gem-like gleam.

And in her voice, so silvery sweet,  
Such tones of power and feeling dwelt,—  
Like those, which thro' the summer eve  
Along the sleeping waters melt.

It may be that mine ear no more  
May listen to that magic strain,—  
That never may mine eyes behold  
That minstrel's seraph form again ;  
Yet not the less will memory strive  
The blissful feeling to prolong,  
Which fell upon my heart, when first  
I heard that sweet and thrilling song.

No. XIII.

---

FAREWELL ! farewell ! 'twere useless now  
Longer to strive with destiny ;  
I know that we must part,—for thou  
Hast shewn a bitter change to me.

'Tis a sad task to teach my heart,—  
The one its fondness worst could bear,—  
To see with thee all hope depart,  
To love thee,—yet not wish thee near !

I could not wish to keep thee still,  
Viewing thy struggles to be free,  
Like prison'd bird :—if thine's the will,  
The power is thine,—of liberty.

Go ! and where'er your footsteps rove,  
My heart's best wishes still attend thee ;  
My fervent prayer to heaven above  
Will be its purest joys to send thee.

No. XIV.

---

THE moon is sailing in the sky,  
There's not a cloud to dim  
Her image, where 'tis mirror'd fair  
On yon lake's glassy brim.

'Tis just the time when I should love  
To wander forth, and breathe  
The freshness which the dew yields forth,  
Where clustering flowers wreathe.

'Tis just the time when I would seek  
Some fragrant garden bower,  
And listen to the night-bird's lay,  
Pour'd thro' the silent hour.

Yet would I not go forth and taste

An hour so sweet alone :

Oh ! I must have companionship,

Or life's best charm is gone.

I would not even be yon orb,

Night's fair queen tho' she be ;

Too lonely is her radiant sphere

Of high regality.

And pleasure's self might cease to smile,

Or woo my soul in vain, .

If I had not some kindred heart

To share her witching reign.

No. XV.

---

OH ! can I e'er forget thee ? No !  
Not though a trackless waste  
Of wide and unknown worlds, between  
My course and thine were placed.  
Howe'er my captive soul might strive,  
I never could from memory drive  
One long, long thought of thee ;  
Though wo were all I must derive  
From my vain constancy.

I may not banish from my sleep,  
The form which o'er it steals  
In radiance, like the pictured dreams  
Which heaven alone reveals.

I may not coldly then restrain  
The unconscious clasp, so fond, yet vain,  
Which woos that vision's stay ;  
Nor still my throbbing breast and brain  
As, swift, it melts away.

There is a spell round *thee*, which sinks  
Its magic thro' my soul ;  
I could not, if I would, destroy  
Its strange yet deep controul.  
Yes! pure and beautiful thou art,—  
Thy fadeless image from my heart  
Hath never been resigned ;  
There, there, till life and sense depart  
'Twill fondly be enshrined.



No. XVI.

SERENADE.

---

Oh come with me to yonder bower,  
Now the pale moon has shed  
A ray of silvery light around,  
To guide the lover's tread.

Oh come with me ! the light of halls  
Falls dull and drear on one  
Whose eye hath lost the worshipp'd form  
It loves to dwell upon.

Then come with me to yonder bower !  
The jasmine's scented sigh  
Will woo thee where the night-bird pours  
His thrilling melody.

Oh come ! the fluttering breeze will yield  
Its sweetest breath to thee,  
And glistening 'neath the gem-like dew,  
O'er flowers our path shall be.

Come ! and with joy to welcome thee,  
Will wave each graceful bough ;  
And oh ! their whispering leaves alone  
Shall hear our love-fraught vow.

No. XVII.

---

**THERE** is a smile, whose witchery strays  
Deep, deep within this throbbing breast,  
And eyes, whose love-illumin'd rays  
Chase from my soul its dream of rest.

There is a voice, whose murmurs fall  
Like thrilling music o'er mine ear;  
I may not fling aside the thrall  
Which chains me, when those tones I hear.

There is a form where strength and pride  
Unite with many a manly grace,  
Moulded with every charm allied  
To beings of a higher race.

There is a brow, so nobly fair,  
    Its magic beauty none may tell ;  
I cannot choose but worship there,  
    Where heavenly light and genius dwell.

No. XVIII.

FAIRY SONG.

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Now beneath the moonlight  
Trip we o'er the green,  
Leaving not a trace to tell  
Where our steps have been.  
Full many a mystic charm  
Dwells within our ring ;  
None may guess how wildly sweet  
Is our gay revelling.  
Perfume sweet, silvery light,  
Song and mirth are our's,—  
For our lamps, bright gems of dew  
Hang upon the flowers.

When the misty vapours  
Of early dawn draw nigh,  
We spread our little silken wings,  
And to slumber lie.  
Through the garish daylight,  
Sleep's enchanting spell  
Is o'er us, as we couch within  
Some sweet flower-bell.  
Thus till night and silence  
Hallow the green plain;—  
Another round of festive glee  
Taste we then again.

No. XIX.

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**YES ! I must school my heart to bid  
Its last farewell to thee ;  
Would I could teach it to forget  
All thou hast been to me !**

**Oh, I have loved thee more than life ;  
My very soul was thine ;  
Existence seem'd too short to prove  
Devotion such as mine.**

**And I was happy, for you vow'd  
Such was your love for me ;  
Oh ! life itself was too much bliss  
While that I *lived* for *thee* !**

But now we've parted, all these dreams,  
These sunny ties, are riven ;  
A broken heart, and ruin'd peace,  
Are all thy love has given !

But now, farewell ! I'd sooner die  
Than that one thought of me,  
Should mar the rest my fervent prayers  
To Heaven will ask for thee !



No. XX.

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ALAS ! alas ! my thoughts are sad,  
And weary is my heart ;  
Have I not watch'd each hope grow cold,  
Each golden dream depart ?

Alas ! alas ! no tears can now  
Recall the treasured past,  
And my soul hath no joy left now  
To cling to, as its last !

Alas ! alas ! have I not watch'd  
Visions, whose fairy light  
Rose like the glorious day-spring,—fade  
In clouds of deepest night.

—Alas ! alas ! my fate hath been  
'Mid darkness, care, and strife ;  
No happier doom can now be mine,  
No brighter hour hath life !

No. XXI.

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YES ! I have met thee once again,  
Thine eyes' fond gaze still sought for me ;  
And all my doubting fears were vain,  
For time hath wrought no change in thee.

And sadly sweet it is to know,  
That all through sorrow's trying hour,  
One heart still beats, whose friendly glow  
Outlives e'en cold misfortune's power.

For oh ! too well thou know'st how vain  
My hearts' best, dearest hopes have been,  
For joy's long wither'd flowers again  
To blossom 'mid so drear a scene.

Yes, few indeed are left to me,  
Of all those bright and sunny hours,  
Which, spring-like, only shone to be  
Soon wept away in April showers.

But wholly can I ne'er repine,  
While that stern fate hath left me thee ;  
But pour upon so loved a shrine  
All my heart's fond idolatry!

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No. XXII.

**DISTANT BELLS.**

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**FAINTLY, faintly, on the breeze  
Comes that mellow sound,  
Bearing, like a holy spell,  
Balm and peace around.**

**Oh, unto the care worn heart,  
How sweet the thoughts ye bring !  
Whispering of the vanish'd dreams  
That blest our youth's gay spring.**

**Recalling childhood's happy hour,  
When listening to thy peal,  
No thought of future wo could o'er  
The soul's young gladness steal.**

And even now, when years have past,—

And sorrow and regret

E'er load the heavy wings of Time,—

A charm in thee lives yet !

And ever thus, O hallowed chime !

Will thy soft echo be

Welcome unto the heart which owes

A solace oft to thee !

No. XXIII.

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I **BLAME** thee not, I blame thee not  
For all the ills thou'st heap'd on me ;  
Not for thy falsehood, nor thy crimes,—  
The fault was mine to trust in thee !

I blame thee not, that thou could'st win  
With flattery smooth, and promise fair,  
The heart that then thou left'st to be  
The victim of love's worst despair.

For oh ! it might be that that heart  
Was all too lightly won and worn ;  
That for its very confidence  
It should be coldly laugh'd to scorn !

I do forgive thee e'en the taunts  
That bruis'd a spirit, so sunk and weak ;  
And could it aught avail thee now,  
In prayers for thee my heart would speak.



No. XXIV.

THE REJECTED.

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It is over ! it is over !

Thus my dream of hope is flown

I am no longer now a lover,

I am free,—but oh, how lone !

I must strive to think less sadly

On the bliss for ever past ;

I must strive to smile more gladly,

Tho' my soul's with grief o'ercast.

Oh, how vain the forc'd endeavour !

Ne'er my heart the task can bear ;

What cold studied mien can ever

Hide the workings of despair !



